

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



W. M. L.

APRIL, 1940

Fishermen... Enjoy Life with *Miller's* HIGH LIFE *The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

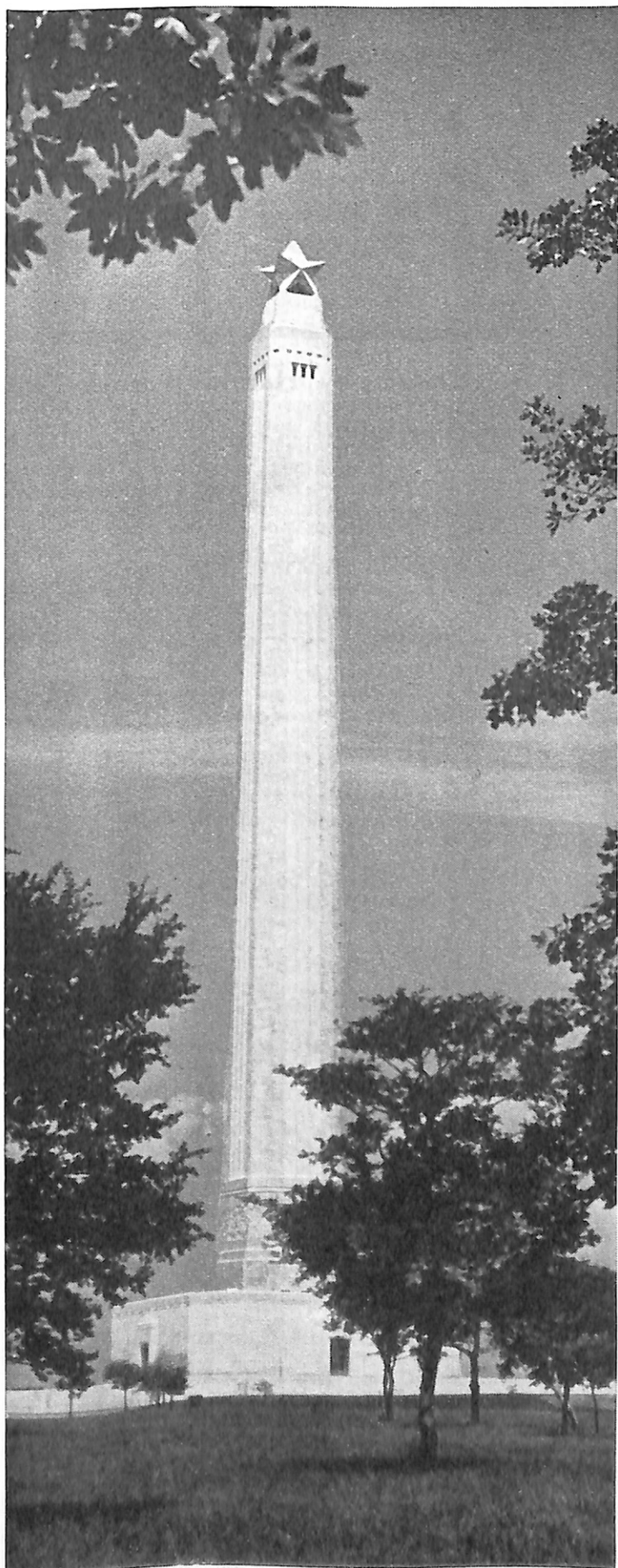
No matter where you cast your bait, you'll never get more satisfying results than when you cast your vote for High Life, the cool, clean, wholesome drink that looks so good and tastes even better than it looks.

High Life's outstanding popularity with sportsmen started 'way back in 1855. And today High Life is first choice with all who want life's finer things.

Its tingling, amber goodness combines with its rich, yet delicate, flavor to make High Life the high spot of every gathering it graces. Look for the *Original Streamlined Bottle* with its distinguishing crown of gold. Say "High Life" when you order beer. . . . Say it plainly, for it means *more brilliance in every bottle . . . more enjoyment in every drop!*



MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.



Houston Chamber of Commerce

SAN JACINTO MEMORIAL SHAFT at San Jacinto Battleground, near Houston, marking the spot where the Texas army under General Sam Houston defeated the Mexican army under Santa Ana, thus winning for Texas her independence. This structure is 567 feet high, towering 12 feet nearer the heavens than the famous Washington Monument.

HOUSTON *in July!*

HOUSTON, Texas, which offers the far-famed hospitality of the South and the hustle-bustle of the West, is getting set for the 76th Elks National Convention, beginning the week of July 15 and extending through to the 19th. The metropolis of the Lone Star State is well prepared for the notable event, boasting a wide-awake Lodge of 2,000 members, a coliseum which seats 20,000 people and splendid hotel accommodations. Most of the hotels are all or partly air-conditioned, as is the Sam Houston Coliseum where the Grand Ball will be held.

Elks can well afford to plan to take their vacations in Texas in July and have the time of their lives. From Houston, one can reach Galveston in less than an hour, or Fort Worth in several hours. Galveston, but 50 miles to the south, is one of the finest Summer vacation spots of the great Southwest. After the strenuous Convention days in Houston, what could be more pleasant and restful than a cottage on the beach, swimming and fishing to one's heart's content? Thousands of modern cottages at the water's edge await the Elks of America.

For America's foremost patriotic Fraternity to gather at Houston on the banks of Buffalo Bayou is indeed significant, for it was at the very same spot over one hundred years ago that General Sam Houston gathered together his band of loyal patriots to take a stand for freedom and liberty such as we of Elksdom are taking in this day and time. Houston has never lost that spirit of pride and loyalty displayed by General Sam Houston. Texans are proud of their early history, proud of the great empire that was brought into existence as a result of the stand taken by its early pioneers. And they have just right to be proud, for Texas, and particularly Houston, Elksdom's Host City for 1940, have made great strides in these past one hundred years.

Headquarters for the Convention will be the Rice Hotel and most of the other hostelrys are within four blocks of headquarters and the \$300,000 home of No. 151.

Many sight-seeing trips and entertainment features are planned for the visiting Elks. The big parade, "Patriotic Elksdom On Parade", will be held Wednesday, July 17. Prize arrangements have been made for the golf, skeet and trapshooting matches (Houston is the proud possessor of nine golf courses). These tournaments will be held in the most pleasing surroundings and will offer liberal prizes in addition to those awards which will be made to the winners of the Drum and Bugle Corps, Band and Drill Team contests, and the \$1,000-prize money for the Ritualistic Team competition.

For information about the 1940 Convention or about Houston itself and the surrounding country, write to W. W. Short, Executive Director, Elks 1940 Convention Corporation, at 3108 Main Street, Houston, Texas.

APRIL 1940

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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THIS MONTH We Present—

MR. EDDIE ORCUTT, the author of "Benefit Game", penned us the following autobiography.

"I was born in San Diego, California, shortly after the turn of the century, although I was eight years old when Queen Victoria died and I have never understood why this did not create more of a sensation. Except for college and the U. S. Army, I have lived here ever since, and I have lost my diploma and my Phi Beta Kappa key but the Army is going to pay me a cash bonus. Thus I am now a soldier of fortune, I am a devotee of all forms of sport where you can buy chips for ten cents, but I am not a very good horseman. Contrary to popular belief, the horse has no capacity for long-sustained friendship, and it is my ambition to publish an exposé sometime about the way horses are all the time breaking out with irrelevant behavior when least expected. Autobiography is merely a hobby with me.

"In person I am tall, dark and distinguished looking. I have affectionate brown eyes and many aquiline features which I hardly have space to catalogue here."

Mr. Orcutt's story is illustrated by an old friend, John Floherty, who is now vacationing in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Fort Smith Elks take notice.

"Let My People Go" is a gripping story of the "underground railroad" used to help slaves fleeing from persecution in the slave states, written by David Lamson.

Marshall Davis, who did the illustrations for this one, is half Southerner—half Westerner, and has been all over the ground. In fact, he's liable to be there right now with nothing but a knapsack and an easel. You never can tell where he'll turn up.

John Brushingham is a young man who made his first appearance with us last year with a mystery serial called "When a Body Meets a Body—". He made his living from pulp magazines for a long time and so he should speak with some authority in his article, "Dead for a Dime", which tells about the fabulous pulps. He'll be with us again soon, we hope. (So does he).

You will find the announcement of a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler on Page 36. Most of you know of the fine work this gentleman has been doing for the crippled children of his state.

Judge Rush L. Holland's editorials this month are particularly pertinent, and as usual, we have with us those masters of the written word, Stanley Frank, Ray Trullinger, Harry Hansen and Eddie Faust. Ed Faust, by the way, is hard at work on another book, which he says will be even more interesting than his last one.

"Much Smoother Now"⁹⁹ *says Ted Husing*



Ted Husing recently compared Seagram's Crown Whiskies of today with the Crown Whiskies blended five years ago. "Much smoother, finer, mellower now," said radio's famous sports announcer.

Larry Mac Phail president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, made the same comparison with Seagram's 5 Crown, the all purpose whiskey. "Your present Seagram's," said Larry, "is one of the smoothest drinks I ever tasted."

John B. Kennedy sipped a highball made with Seagram's 7 Crown of today—compared it with 7 Crown of five years ago. In his own words: "It DOES taste better today."



Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown

SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Offices: New York, N. Y.

This crippled kid was not afraid of any pitcher in the world. All he wanted was to crack that old apple and give it a ride.



WHILE Rowdy Baker warmed up with Fatso Grable on the third-base line, Mrs. Rowdy watched from a front seat in Box R, just between the ground-keeper's gate and the Padres' dugout. She was a serious little tailored job in powder-blue, with powder-blue eyes and a rakish halo of a hat that did not interfere with her vision. She kept her hands quietly folded in her lap, with her bag, a scorekeeper's book and a couple of sharpened pencils. Her tan swagger coat lay over the rail of the box.

Sitting there, she could see every detail of everything that Big Rowdy did. She could have spoken to him, and he would have heard her. She was as close to Rowdy as the grandstand screen would permit.

She watched him carefully, and wanted to cry.

Behind and above Box R, the grandstand was nearly full and customers' feet on the steps made a steady drumming and rumbling. The bleachers were jammed, and the overflow sections back of left field were beginning to get a play. Beyond the screen the Padres were hustling through infield practice, with Larry Kelly knocking out long flies to the outfielders. South of the first-base line, in front of the visitors' dugout, the San Francisco Seals were

Courage is a funny thing. Big Rowdy found that once you have it you never quite relinquish it—at least not all the way

Benefit

by Eddy Orcutt

playing catch, horsing around, waiting for their turn on the field. Walt Kolensky, their best left-hander, was warming up to pitch for them. Bats cracked. The players yapped at each other. Their cleats cut the dirt and the ball thudded from glove to glove when they whipped it around the infield. Here and there a fan in the grandstand barked out a touch of pep talk. A smatter of handclapping followed a fast handling of the ball, and a bobble on the grass brought out a scattering laugh.

Rowdy Baker still worked slowly, taking an easy windup, throwing smooth curves and sometimes a floater that moved in like a balloon and made Fatso Grable grin while he waited for it.

Rowdy and Mrs. Rowdy were three days off the train from Sioux City in the Western League, and about eight months out of the Yankee Stadium. With two days' work under his belt, Rowdy was tackling AA baseball for the first time since the Yanks let him go.

This was a benefit game for the Children's Hospital, and the San Diego club had been pressured into starting Rowdy Baker. Whether he was ready or not, he was hot at the box office. High up in the stand a Legion band was playing. The center section, just below the

band, was where the kids from the hospital were—fifty or sixty of them, and some strapped up with leather harness and padded boards. The kids had been there nearly an hour, brought in early before the crowd got too heavy. The management had fixed them up with free ice-cream bars, and now the band was playing and a couple of clowns were working up and down Aisle J, keeping these kids happy until game time. The noise from their section was out of step with anything that might be happening on the playing field because the kids laughed and clapped their hands for the clowns. Some of them had scrawny voices, thin from being sick so much, and even their fun with ice-cream and band music and clowns made a pitiful sound in the noise of the game's beginning.

Mrs. Rowdy kept her hands quiet in her lap and watched Big Rowdy wind up slowly for another pitch. From her corner of Box R she could see every wrinkle of Big Rowdy's glove when he nested the ball in it. She could see the play of the big tendon in his right wrist when his fingers took their hidden grip. She could see the grinning scowl on his face and the way a gaunt muscle

learned his trade by pitching his way up through Decatur, Moline, Shreveport, St. Joe and the rest. Mrs. Rowdy had gone up with him. She had watched morning workouts on the county fair grounds at Williams-ton. She had watched him take the mound for Kansas City, when he pulled 18,000 customers into the park for the Blues, and blazed the underhand fast ball that made the Columbus Red Birds look like high school boys. Then they had moved up again. In New York, when Big Rowdy worked a home game for the Yanks, Mrs. Rowdy's place had been a chair at the foot of Section 18, just above the wooden steps that led up from the dressing-room tunnel into the Yankee dugout. It was as close to the playing field as she could get.

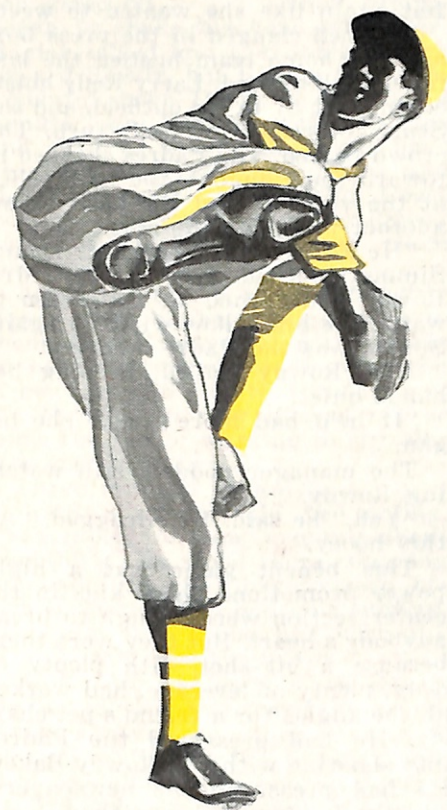
After the fast ball that hit Ricky McClellan, the Yanks had stuck by Rowdy—they had kept him a season and a half, pitching him in relief spots. Even without his fast ball he was a good workman. He could have signed with Newark. The release was of his own asking. He had headed for Texas and New Mexico—winter-league ball, then the minor-league active list again, Sioux City for a month and this deal with San Diego in early June.

"It's all right," Mrs. Rowdy told herself. "It's all right." But his careful slow ball was still so good that it made her want to cry.

Big Rowdy was warming up deliberately, rating himself, while the noise of the game's beginning grew heavier, and crippled kids laughed at the clowns in Aisle J, and twelve thousand fans jammed into the Padres' park to see what Big Rowdy Baker could do against the San Francisco Seals. Big Rowdy. . . . "He's that guy from the Yanks. A couple of years ago. . . ."

Mrs. Rowdy had the sudden sick memory of that afternoon in Yankee Stadium. A July afternoon, bright and hot. Ricky McClellan batting for Boston in the fifth. One down, nobody on. The shadow of the high stands creeping out over the infield, and the Sunday mob roaring when Rowdy mixed that underhand fast one in with his regular pace. . . . Sun blazed on the big 461-foot mark on the green wall behind the flagpole in center, and there were people in the bleachers behind it. Beyond that, L trains trundled along the trestles, with people crowding the windows. Still beyond that, and above, people were watching from the apartment roofs, looking into the sun, seeing dolls in the Yanks' white home uniforms move jerkily on the Stadium turf.

Mrs. Rowdy had seen the pitch very clearly, watching Big Rowdy's work the way she always did. He had leaned into the windup, lifted his hands—and then the wide sweep of his right arm was underhand instead of over, and he smoked the old submarine fireball toward the plate. The sharp, ugly sound was not the crack of a bat nor the click of a foul tip.



The batter sprawled back against Bill Dickey's shin guards, and then that sound came. Afterward, Mrs. Rowdy had waited with Rowdy in the front office. Outside the narrow windows the sun was a sultry glow in the hot haze, and a crowd milled around the taxis lined up in Ruppert Place. The final word was long in coming . . . very long.

"He's . . . he couldn't make it, Rowdy. He's gone."

Then Rowdy had said, "Honey, I was pitching to him."

The other men in that room had looked at Mrs. Rowdy and they had known, because Mrs. Rowdy knew, that he was telling the truth. He had not been aiming to dust Ricky McClellan. "Honey, I was pitching. . . ."

That was all. . . . So now, three days off the train from Sioux City, he was warming up to pitch this Coast League benefit game for the crippled kids. "Yeh—for a bunch of crippled kids, see. . . ." He had been pressured into it, and now the pressure was tightening. Maybe double-A ball was too tough for old Rowdy now, with his fast ball gone. Maybe he could not even stick here, at six hundred a month, let alone start back up toward the big-time again. Maybe he was headed back the other way, toward the Williamston fair grounds and \$20 games on Sunday. Maybe. . . . Big Rowdy was warming up for a chance he should never have been made to take and he should have been an angry man, reckless and hard to handle. But his way of going was deliberate, steady, like the careful grip of his knuckles on the slow ball. And Mrs. Rowdy, watching him,

Game

bunched along his jaw when he leaned forward into his windup.

She watched his windup, the way she always did, sizing it up for any sign of nervousness or strain, or any change of motion that might be a tip-off to a batter.

Rowdy leaned into it, swung his arms back and then brought them forward and up over his head. Then, when he hitched his left leg into the stride and swung his right hand back, there was a split second when Mrs. Rowdy caught a flash of the ball. She saw how he braked it against his knuckles, so that even when he whipped his powerful arm over into the pitch, the ball floated without a spin. She had seen him throw the slow ball a thousand times, but it still made her smile.

And yet now, even when she had to smile, the tightness at her throat got worse, and she felt more than ever like wanting to cry.

Rowdy Baker was an old man now, twenty-seven years old, gray-eyed and rawboned and steady. He had

felt again like she wanted to weep.

The bell clanged in the press box, and the home team hustled the last infield ball around. Larry Kelly hoisted one last fly to the outfield, and the Seals got ready for their turn. The crowd roared. The Padres charged in toward their dugout, the fans yelled at the visitors, and the band threw another tune into the noise.

"He won't have no trouble," Danny Simms touched his cap to Mrs. Rowdy and turned at the screen to watch the big fellow wind up again. Simms was the Padre manager.

Mrs. Rowdy smiled, keeping her hands quiet.

"If he'd had more time," she began.

The manager nodded, still watching Rowdy.

"Yeh," he said. He shrugged. "All this hooey."

This benefit game was a high-power promotion. Those kids in the center section were enough to break anybody's heart. But they were there because a big-shot with plenty of drag, plenty of leverage, had worked all the angles for a friend's pet charity. He had pressured the Padres into shooting with Big Rowdy Baker. He had pressured the newspapers, and the Legion, and now there were twelve thousand paid customers trooping into the park, and there was band music and hokum and sob stuff to make them like it. A benefit game . . .

"It's a wonder we ain't all wearing clown suits," Danny said.

But somebody should have told the big-shot, and the owners, and all the rest of them, what Rowdy Baker was up against. "Killed a guy once . . ." Everybody knew that. "Used to have a hell of a fast ball . . . killed a guy with it." Seven years between the Williamston county fair grounds and the Yankee Stadium, and Rowdy had pitched his way up through the seven years. In the Stadium he had blazed his underhand fast one down the sixty feet and six inches of the bare pathway between the rubber and the plate—and something, by inches, had gone wrong. Something had gone wrong or the man in the batter's box had made a mistake. "They got this Rowdy Baker starting today. You know—used to be with the Yanks. A couple of years ago . . ." Somebody should have told them, though, about Rowdy himself. Or somebody should have told them what it felt like to be watching him from the rail of Box R, seeing him steady and careful and workmanlike. . . .

But Mrs. Rowdy smiled, looking tailored and serious and cool.

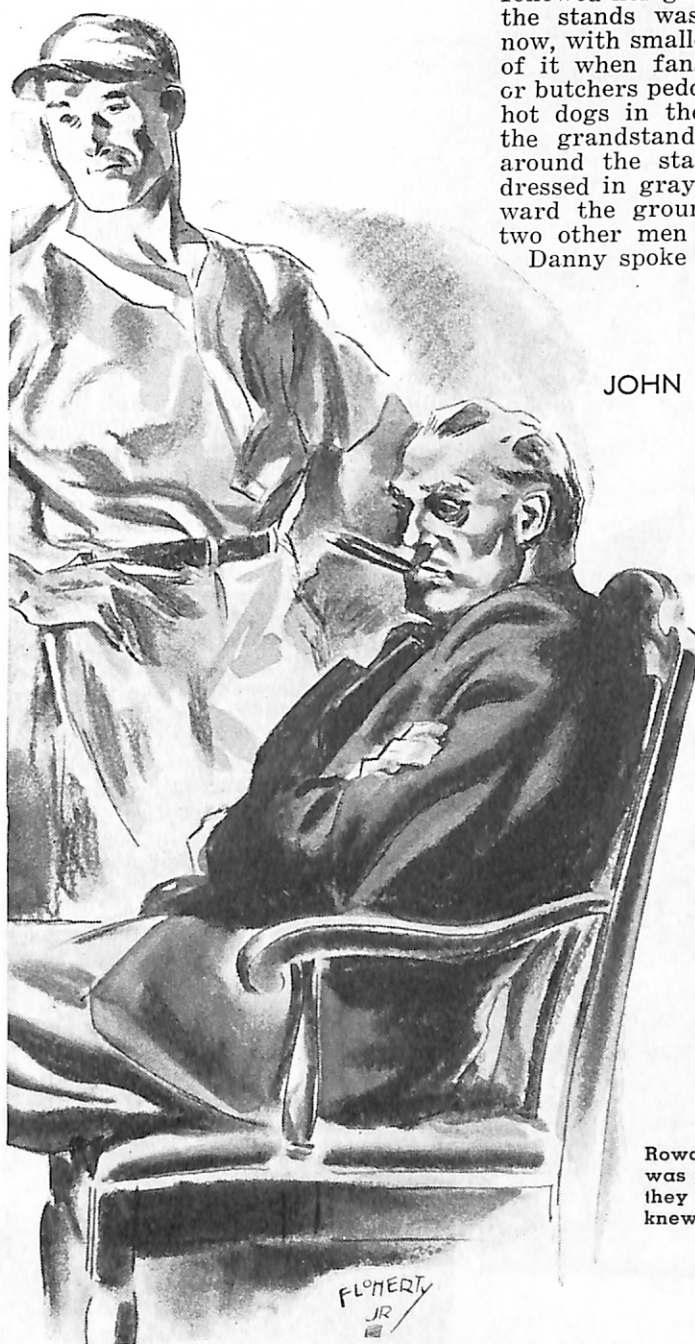
"These benefit things are a headache," the manager said.

Five minutes to game time . . .

The Padres tossed a ball around their huddle, just below the dugout, and some of them glanced over to look at Rowdy's throwing. He was beginning to bear down a little harder. At every third or fourth toss he would really pitch one.

Queer, but Big Rowdy still had





followed her glance. The sound from the stands was heavy and steady, now, with smaller noises barking out of it when fans yelled at the field, or butchers peddled beer and pop and hot dogs in the aisles. The last of the grandstand crowd was milling around the stairways. A big man, dressed in gray, pushed through toward the groundkeeper's gate, and two other men followed him.

Danny spoke to Mrs. Rowdy from

Illustrated by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

Rowdy said, "Honey, I was pitching to him." And they all knew, because she knew, that it was true.

that underhand fast ball. He threw it often in morning workouts, if he had a backstop who could hold it. So sometimes Mrs. Rowdy would catch herself watching for it in a game, or in the warm-up before a game. In a tight spot, with breaks piling up against him, she would expect him suddenly to come out of the smooth windup with an underhand sweep of his arm, and all the old blaze of speed, and the ball cracking over like a bullet. He still had that fireball, but he never used it. And if she got to hoping for it, or expecting it, or praying for it, there would come a moment when Mrs. Rowdy had to keep the tears back and look somewhere else. Since that July afternoon in Yankee Stadium, Rowdy had never used that pitch in a game.

So now Mrs. Rowdy looked away for a moment, and Danny Simms

the side of his crooked mouth.

"Here comes the big-shot," he said.

Mrs. Rowdy heard the big man ask, "Is the kid ready?"

The men with him were Hal Rogers, club secretary, and a youngster named Miller, press agent and handy man around the front office.

"The kid's all set," Miller said. "The doc will bring him down."

These men were important and sure of themselves, pleased with this benefit game of theirs and the stir and rumble of the crowd that filled the park. Mrs. Rowdy hated them suddenly, and swallowed back the tears.

They moved past Box R and through the gate onto the field. Danny grinned at them. "Hello, Mr. Bagley," he said. The big shot looked his part—a heavy, jovial man, moving easily. "Hi, Danny. Look," he began, "we got a stunt here to start

the game off. . . ." Danny Simms began to shake his head while Mr. Bagley talked and they walked over toward Rowdy, but Bagley gave him a playful shove. Danny said, "Wait a minute." But Bagley's walk was free and easy, as though he might have been the owner of both teams and the park and the Pacific Coast League. Mrs. Rowdy saw Big Rowdy wipe off his pitching hand when Danny introduced him.

These men talked, then, and Rowdy Baker stood there, talking back to them. Mrs. Rowdy took a tight grip on her scorekeeper's book—then let it go. She still felt that choking at the throat, but now it was not so much the feel of wanting to cry. She was getting angry.

Three minutes to go . . .

Rowdy's arm would be cooling. They talked to him, arguing about something. He stood there, slapping the ball into his glove to keep his arm in motion. He had quit smiling. "No," he said. "The hell with it." Mrs. Rowdy saw the words.

And then, suddenly, when Rowdy started moving in toward the grandstand screen, the other men with him, Mrs. Rowdy felt a swift hope that was almost like hoping for that fireball of his in the clutch of a tough game. She hoped suddenly that Rowdy was giving them his mind—that he was cursing Bagley out, cursing the team and the league and the big-shot promotion that had pressured him into this.

"You don't get the picture, Baker. This is a benefit game and this kid represents—" Bagley had a good way of talking. He made a gesture toward the kids in the center section. Rowdy said, "No—that's out." But Danny Simms was trying to fix it with him.

The stands began to notice this argument.

"What's the beef, Rowdy?"

"Hey, Rowdy! You ain't N'Yawk—you're Sioux City, kid!"

Danny said, "What you could do is walk the kid, see? You wouldn't need to come within six foot of 'im," he said. "Throw pitch-outs."

But Mrs. Rowdy knew now that the big fellow was standing up to them. She saw him hold the ball up in front of Bagley.

"I won't pitch to no kid!" Rowdy was telling him. He forked his fingers over the ball and showed Bagley how it looked. "I tell you what I'll do, though, if you want," he said. "You stand up down there and I'll pitch one to you!"

"Wait a minute—take it easy—"

"I'll throw careful," Rowdy said. "I'll put no stuff on it. You stand up there, and I'll throw you one." He showed Bagley the size and heft of the ball and made a move to show him how fast he could smoke one down the groove. "The chances are it won't even come close," he said. And his grin had the edge of a scowl in it, like his pitching face.

These men wanted to put a kid in the batter's box, to start the game off—a mas- (Continued on page 42)

John Gunther, whose "Inside Europe" is now published in its fifth revision, this time a 1940 War Edition.



WHAT AMERICA IS *Reading*

by Harry Hansen

A GOOD biography of Calvin Coolidge is practically a national necessity. We have had several good books on Coolidge, notably those by William Allen White, but they are really more interpretation than detailed biography of a complete career. Claude M. Fuess, who wrote "Daniel Webster", has answered the need in "Calvin Coolidge: The Man From Vermont". (Little, Brown & Co., \$4.75). He suggested it to Coolidge in Plymouth, Vermont, in 1932, and the latter replied drily, "Better wait till I'm dead." A few months later he was dead and Mr. Fuess was beginning to study letters and documents for the biography.

It is an excellent work, and it corrects many misconceptions. There is always the danger that Coolidge will

be remembered more for his terse comment than for his public acts. He is also associated with the ups and downs of his time—praised as the prosperity President by those who made money during his term of office, and ridiculed as the man who sat on the volcano and couldn't control it by those who went under in the crash of 1929. The partisan interpretations of his action in the Boston police strike of 1919 still interfere with an exact understanding of the issues involved.

Mr. Fuess has, I believe, supplied the authoritative answer. He sees Coolidge as a man of New England taciturnity, modest, forthright, never assuming roles for which he was not prepared. "Always ready" might have been his motto. It was characteristic of Coolidge to say of his failure to get the Presidential nomination in 1920, "I had no national experience. What I have ever been able to do has been the result of first

learning how to do it. I am not gifted with intuition. I need not only hard work but experience, to be ready to solve problems." But even more pertinent at this time is an understanding of the individualism for which Coolidge stood. He may have been a man of few words in public but on informal occasions he talked at length and the members of the Northampton Literary Club heard him often. The club minutes record that "he smiled at the popular characterization that he is a silent man and a great fisherman and said that he had made more speeches than any other President and had done less fishing." Yet there were times when he had "a long period of muteness" even at formal dinners, and he once told a friend "the things I did not say never hurt me". So I recommend Mr. Fuess' book on Calvin Coolidge as an excellent friendly biography.

GREAT stakes are being played for in Europe and Emil Ludwig, who has interviewed Stalin and Mussolini and had his books burned by Hitler, tells us what he thinks of the three dictators in "Three Portraits". While much of what he writes about Hitler is a reiteration of what others have said about him, his comment on Mussolini is worth study. Evidently he admires Mussolini because this leader is not misled; he has an (Continued on page 50)



Top, Edna Lee Booker, author of "News Is My Job," at her home in Shanghai.

"The Patience of Maigret" is the first of a series of police novels by the popular French writer, Georges Simenon, above.

Lucky Ducks



Mr. Frank concludes that the economic situation of the ducks is definitely on the upswing, regardless of what the Government does to us citizens.

by Stanley Frank

It is a sad and cockeyed commentary on civilization that more has been done to rehabilitate and perpetuate wild game birds, innocent bystanders victimized by World War I, than the equally innocent two-legged critter known impersonally to scientists as *homo sapiens*. The sweet uses of progress are mysterious to behold. Sportsmen know or surmise that international conservation policies have made for a fifty percent increase in the number of game birds in the last five years. Every man knows that other policies defying understanding have resulted in another monstrous blood-letting among mankind.

The first World War was just as disastrous for our fine-feathered friends as it was for those of us who are laughingly called the fairest

flowers of the animal kingdom. Indirectly, more than one hundred million game birds were wiped out; more directly, seventeen million human beings perished in the Great Unpleasantness.

The recent increase in birds on the wing may be a manifestation that our culture is cracking up, for there is an old adage among field-and-stream people that game recedes as civilization advances. It may be that the retreat of game is voluntary, our civilization being what it is.

(Ed. Note: Skip the phony philosophy, Frank. Get on with the story. We got enough guys already in the Brains Department getting out the Magazine.)

(Okay, chum. If you can't use a little heavy thinking around here, at no extra charge, it's perfectly all

right with me. I don't mind at all.)

Well, sir, the alarming decline of wild ducks, geese and swans was a cause for pretty grave international concern when preliminary surveys showed the number of game birds had fallen off from an estimated 160,000,000 in 1900 to approximately 40,000,000 in 1930. A group of twenty wealthy sportsmen, including J. P. Morgan, Thomas W. Lamont and Myron C. Taylor, of Wall Street, Newport and points worse, contributed to a fund for determining the reasons why game birds were in danger of becoming extinct in North America.

Every founder of More Game Birds in America, the organization formed, had his own hunting and fishing preserves, but he was interested in the one-gallus gent who had nothing but an old shotgun and a vast enthusiasm for field sports. Nobody really knew how many hunters there were in this country until a Federal stamp tax of one dollar was levied on duck shooters for the purpose of raising funds for the U. S. Biological Survey. About a million dollars' worth of stamps are sold annually and it is impossible, of course, to estimate how many more neglect to pay the taxes because they haven't the inclination—or the dollar. In other words, hunting attracts more adult participants

than any other sport in this country, with the exception of fishing.

Experts in the field began to wonder out loud why several European countries, notably Scotland and Hungary, had more game birds in 1930 than they had a century earlier, whereas North American flocks were diminishing so rapidly that the shooting of seven species was prohibited by Federal law and the daily

bag limit was reduced from twenty-five birds to fifteen and finally ten, the present number. The situation is highlighted every Spring when Mr. Junius Pierpont Morgan makes a rare appearance in the public prints embarking for Scotland for the grouse shooting. Many citizens, most of them Republicans, fail to see why Mr. Morgan must go to Scotland to grouse.

Preliminary investigations revealed that the first World War was responsible for the gradual disappearance of game birds on the continent.

(Ed. Note: Again?)

(Take it easy, Butch. This will be quick and practically painless.)

Eighty percent of all the birds in North America breed in the Canadian provinces (Continued on page 46)

Let my People



by David Lamson

THE night, Tod thought, was darker than the inside of Jonah's whale, and the cold made his teeth rattle. His mother closed the entry door softly.

"Go on now, Tod," she whispered. "Holler like a screech-owl."

The boy tightened his throat and scared himself with the eery, shivering call. They waited, but no answer came. Perhaps this time it had been a real owl crying. Tod said, "I'm cold. Let's go back in and—"

Then the sound came again, short and very faint, from somewhere toward the barn in the back of the house. His mother sprang from the step and ran that way, and he followed. Their feet made a crunching noise, breaking the frozen shell of the wet earth. In the yard beyond the kitchen shed his mother stopped and addressed the darkness in a soft but very clear voice.

"This is Reverend John Brighton's house, in Pennsylvania," she said. "Pennsylvania is a free state. This is a house of friendship to those who love God, and a shelter to weary travelers."

You had to talk that way because some of the people didn't know, had never heard of Pennsylvania. Tod had heard his father speak those words many times, but now, suddenly, he wished his mother had not said them. It might be a slave-catcher out there, or a constable, trying to fool them, knowing his father was absent in Philadelphia and Dennis laid up with rheumatism. He wished he were as brave as his mother. He shivered, and pressed close against her.

A voice came out of the darkness, so near at hand that he jumped. "I'm a traveler," said the voice. "I'm travelin' over Jordan, and I'm lookin' for the Promised Land."

"There's a railroad runs to the Promised Land," his mother an-

In the torrent of her speech one phrase stood out, "Le'me git on by, please Mister, le'me git on by!"

swered promptly. "Come in, traveler."

The formula was completed. At the word "railroad" the stranger exclaimed, "Bless God!" and came closer, a vague black shadow against the lighter shadows of the night. The figure was that of a woman, though her voice was so husky and deep-timbred it might almost have been a man's voice.

"There's seven of us," she said in an urgent manner. "We've been followed mighty close since yesterday. Are other folks friendly hereabouts? I got to know!"

"No. The people here came from Maryland, mostly. Who sent you to this house?"

"Nobody. God's angel, talkin' in my heart . . . We got to go on, then. Where can we go? Can you point us the way to the next station?"

Down in Egypt the Lord said, "Tell ole' Pharaoh to let my people go."

"I'll leave the door unlocked."

He hated to be told to do what he knew well enough without the telling. He pushed his mother's hand away. "All right, Mother, all right," he said fretfully. Then she was gone, running up the pathway.

The cold bit deeper. He stamped his feet and hugged himself, warming his fingers under his arms while he strained eyes and ears against the night and the silence. A few steps toward the barn brought into his view the lighted windows of the village a half-mile away at the foot of the long slope—the village he could no longer enter, since his father had spoken openly for the abolitionist cause. Looking down at the village Tod became a soldier, on picket duty, overlooking the enemy camp. The lights were their campfires, and that distant, surging thunder—

The stranger-woman called him softly, "Boy! You, boy!" They came to him out of the darkness, a shadowy, furtive procession behind the tall figure of their woman leader. One of them, a man, leaned against her so that she half led, half carried him; his feet moved in sprawling, grotesque steps, and he moaned with each breath, very faintly, high in his throat, like the whining of a dog.

THREE men and four women. Tod counted them when he came into the kitchen after barring the entry door. Five of them stood in a scarecrow ring before the fireplace, blinking at the flames leaping high under the big iron kettle hung from the crane. They spread their hands to the fire and shivered and shook as the cold went out of their bones. The wounded man lay face down on the sofa under the window, and Tod's mother and the leader-woman were beside him, working to loosen his shirt. A great black stain lay across the back of his shirt. He was a young fellow, big-boned and powerful, but his face was gray now and shiny with sweat, and his lips curled back in a grin of pain.

Tod's mother said, "Tod, dish soup for these people. There's bowls on the mantel. Now wait, I'll get a pair of scissors. And water. We'll have to soak it off. Tod, when you're through, drag that chest out of the closet. The one from the Vigilance Committee. See if there's any clothes in it can be worn."

After that first glance he kept his eyes turned away from the man on the sofa; the sight of pain made him feel crawly inside. He brought chairs to the fireplace and said, "Here—sit down," in shy imitation of his father's bluff heartiness. One of the five, a man, had already slumped to the hearth, his head against the stone of the chimney, and was in-

stantly asleep. Tod had to shake him hard before he roused enough to take the bowl the boy offered. He stared dimly for an instant and slept again, and the bowl tipped in his hand and soup ran across the hearth.

In this time Tod was aware of the continuing rapid murmur of his mother's voice and the black woman's, and he knew they were discussing plans and what they ought to do. But he could not listen to them without hearing the snip of scissors and the trickle of water into a pan as the cloths were wrung out, and the quick gasps of the hurt man's breathing. He rattled the iron spoon against the lip of the kettle and tried to close his ears.

His mother said, "Now!" and there was a sound of tearing cloth, and the wounded man screamed, a shrill, quavering yell instantly muffled. The spoon fell from Tod's hand. Those beside the fireplace stirred uneasily, and one of them, the youngest woman, cried out and buried her face in her hands.

The black woman at the sofa raised her voice, speaking with stern

The moonlight shone on her frown as she stood at the fork, gazing upward at the track.



"Doctor McEwer's, at Glen Ross. That's eleven miles away, over the ridge."

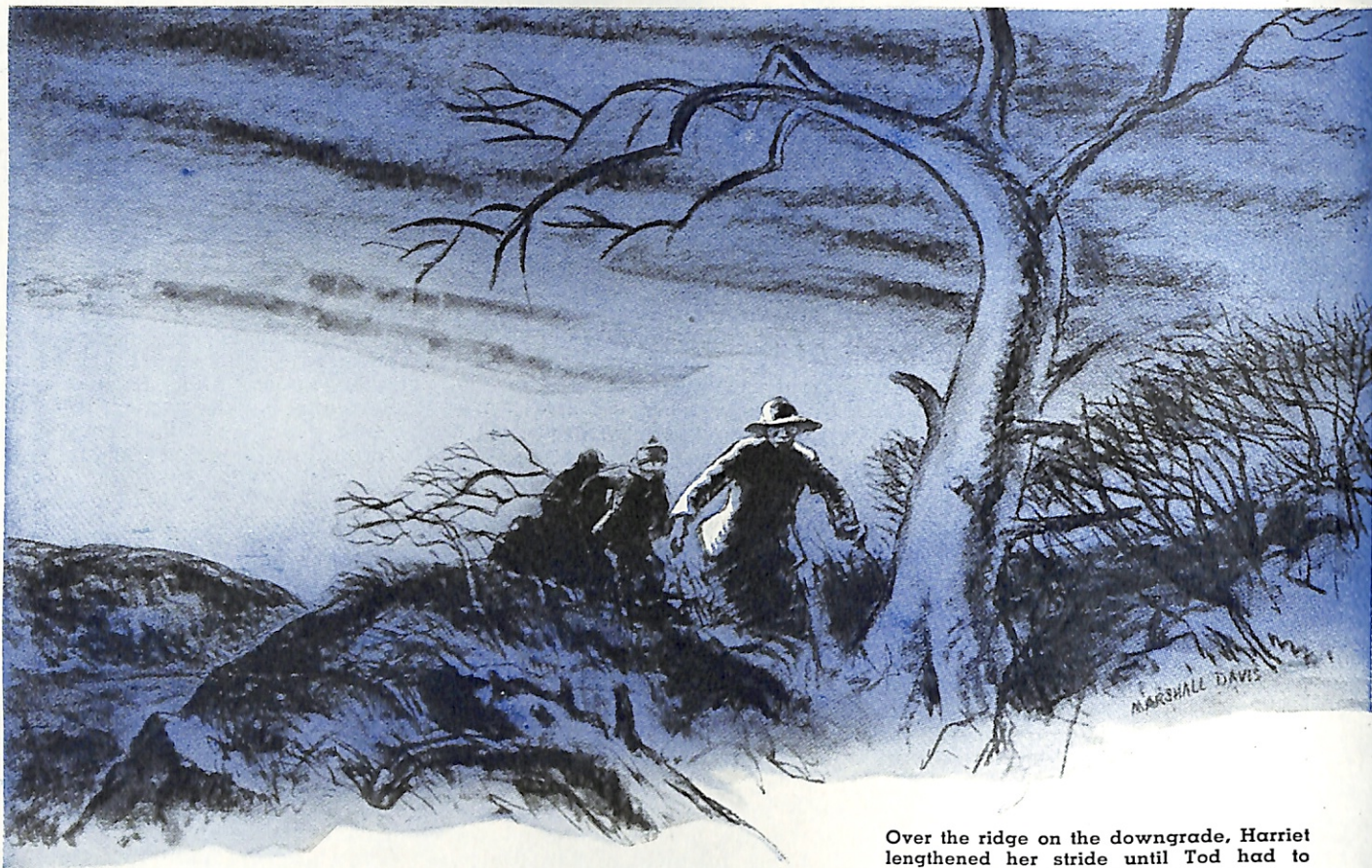
"Eleven miles!" The woman groaned and smote her hands together softly.

"You'll be safe there. There isn't a slave-catcher or constable—no, nor a marshal, either—dares go into that valley. The Scotch there have no use for slavery. We have a wagon—"

"No wagon. Can't risk bein' cooped up in a wagon. Wagon can't hide in the brush if a pat-rol comes along. We'll walk. But I got a man needs a doctor, to dig the bullet out of his shoulder."

Tod's mother said, "Bring your people in the house. They can be eating and resting while we decide what to do. My boy will wait here and show you the way." The figure melted into the night. "The side door, Tod. And when I bring a lamp to the kitchen you make sure there's no light shows through the shutters."

"I will."



Over the ridge on the downgrade, Harriet lengthened her stride until Tod had to fall into a jog-trot to keep up.

emphasis. "That you mournin', Sally? So you ought to do, hearin' Luke cry. He wouldn't never been hurt, without a loose-tongue woman spoke too free, an' the man she talked to was a Judas-nigger."

The voice dropped into a chant, a brooding recitative spoken to the room at large. "And that was at Chatsworth yesterday, and freedom's land already in our sight, and we'd 'a' been long gone into freedom wasn't for that talkin'. We traveled twenty miles since then, and poor Luke with the bullet in him. They looked for us north, so we went back south, and they hunted us east, so we came west. Then"—she sighed—"seemed like they was huntin' for us all the ways. But the Lord was merciful and kind, and His mercy brought us here."

The Negroes answered softly with "Amen" and "Hallelujah", and tears ran through the fingers of the woman called Sally. Tod said shrilly, "Listen, I remembered something I got to tell you." They were all looking at him, even his mother, her fingers busy with the bandages. He wet his lips nervously. "I heard—while I was waiting in the yard now, I heard a horse galloping over the Long Bridge. From the Maryland side."

He waited, tense with fear lest the grown-ups think this information of no consequence. At the time he had given no meaning to the far-off rumbling, but now, somehow, it seemed significant and ominous. The stranger-woman thought so, too. She

nodded slowly. "Yes," she said. "It's time for us to go."

She turned from the couch and came toward the fireplace, and for the first time Tod saw her clearly. She was not unduly tall, yet she seemed tall, and she gave an impression of possessing great strength, both of body and of purpose. She wore a man's black hat pulled low over her iron-gray hair, and a man's coat, torn and muddied. The hem of her black skirt was caked with mud. Her face was gaunt, hollow with weariness and starvation, so that the jaw seemed long and heavy; and over it her mouth was an iron bar. Her eyes, deep-set, were alert and alive. A banked fire burned in back of her eyes—not flames, but coals that might easily kindle into flames. They were kind eyes now, but deep, deeper than wisdom, and as she came toward Tod her eyes probed into his as if they could see clear into his head and read a word written there. She did not let his eyes go even when she took the bowl he held out to her. But Tod was not afraid, looking into her eyes.

"TIME to go," she said again, and the words were a crooning. "You're a good boy, Tod. You can hear far off, can't you? How old are you? Twelve? Tell me this, Tod. Will you go with us to Glen Ross? Will you show us the way to Doctor McEwer's, before old Pharaoh's soldiers catch us?"

His mother said quickly, "You don't have to go, Tod. Don't feel

that you must. You just say whether you think you can or not, and not get lost or—or anything."

He knew then that they had talked of this, his mother and the black woman. He knew his mother wanted him to go because there was no one else to be a guide, with Dennis crippled. Why didn't she just tell him to go, then—or ask him herself? He knew why. Because they weren't sure of him. Not of his knowledge of the route, for he had traveled it many times, but of his courage. They thought he might grow panicky and lose himself and the others out of fear. He tried to think what it would be like, in the darkness and cold, with the fear of pursuit pressing down. But he could not imagine those things. Not with the woman's eyes on him. Her eyes told him everything would be all right.

"Yes," he said, "of course, I'll show you the way."

The black woman laughed silently and her eyes released him. The trouble had gone from her face. She looked down at her people, serene and confident. "He'll show us the way," she said. "I read it in him. One more hill to cross, chil'en, and we'll see freedom with the sunrise. Make ready now, and be strong."

Luke had to be left behind with Tod's mother. There would be trouble for her if he was caught in her house, but she tilted her head proudly when the black woman mentioned this.

"No one enters here without my consent," she said. She took up the

coffee pot bubbling on the hob. "You two men, before you go you carry him upstairs, to the room over this. There's a fireplace there. I'll have a kettle of water on to boil. The stairs are too narrow for more than one."

This made the other woman chuckle; Tod didn't know why. He stood up, stamping his feet into his heaviest boots, and fumbled with his jacket sleeves. He was a little ashamed to be dressed so warmly, when the others had clothes so thin and ragged. There wasn't much left in the chest sent them by the Vigilance sewing circle in Harrisburg; most of the garments had gone to the party Mr. Collins had brought through the week before. The one remaining wool coat the leader-woman gave to Sally, who wept anew at this evidence of forgiveness.

THE swift flurry of preparation ended and the leader-woman marshalled them by the door to the entry hall, the white boy and the five Negroes. "We're goin' now," she said, "but not until we ask God's blessing. Kneel down, you all."

Tod and his mother knelt with the rest, and bent their heads to the black woman's prayer. She prayed earnestly, in a slow, moving voice like a great bell muted. "Lord God Jehovah, mighty Power, help Your children to finish their journey out of Egypt," she began. "You carried us safe so far, O God. You helped us through our trouble. You sent the rain to wash out the scent of the hound-dogs' noses, that night we set out. An' after that You hung Your stars in the firmament, an' we saw the North Star, an' that told us which way to go. For nine weary nights You've been guidin' us, Lord, an' then You brought us here in Your mercy to a friendly house, an' kind hearts. Now hold us in Your hand, O God, and lead us into Jericho. For without You we are lost, but if the Lord be for us, who can be against us? Amen."

Then they were in the entry, and Tod's mother closed the door, shutting out the light from the kitchen, so they stood in velvet darkness heavy with the rank odor of liniment from the room off the hall, where Dennis lay helpless. Tod felt his mother's hands draw him to her, and her cheek pressed against his. He was startled that her cheek was wet. "I'm proud of you, Tod," she whispered. "Don't be afraid. God can see you, no matter how dark it is, and you're doing His work."

"Yes, Mother."

"Ride back with Doctor McEwer in the morning. Tell him to hurry."

"I will, Mother. Goodbye."

The bolts of the outer door rattled, and one by one the shadowy figures slipped past the threshold and were swallowed in the night. The last sound Tod heard from the house was his mother's whisper, "Goodbye. God bless you. Goodbye—goodbye."

In the driveway the leader-woman paused and the others crowded near

her. "Now, you hark to me," she said in a hushed, careful voice. "We'll go single-file. You all keep close to me and Tod here. If I say 'Scatter,' you scatter like quail in the brush, an' lay stone-still until the squinch-owl hollers. If I say 'Run,' you light out for all that's in you. But stay close! The one that strays an' straggles goin' to settle with me! You hear?"

A whispering chorus, "Yes, Moses."

"Come on then, chil'en. We'll go find freedom's land!"

"Yes, Moses! Halley-loo!"

Moses. The name stuck in Tod's mind. He had heard his father tell about a woman called Moses by her people. Her real name was Harriet Tubman—Tod remembered that because he thought it a funny, unheroic name for a woman who had guided so many slaves to freedom that the men down South had put a price on her head. Thousands of dollars, his father had said. Dead or alive.

He itched to know if this was indeed Harriet Tubman. But he was afraid to ask right out. He whispered shyly, "What did they call you—Moses?"

"I expect so."

"That 'ain't really your name though, is it?"

"Um."

"Is it—is it Harriet?"

Her hand squeezed his warningly. "I ain't said so. Nev' mind about Harriet. Nev' mind so much talk, either. This ain't a time for talkin'."

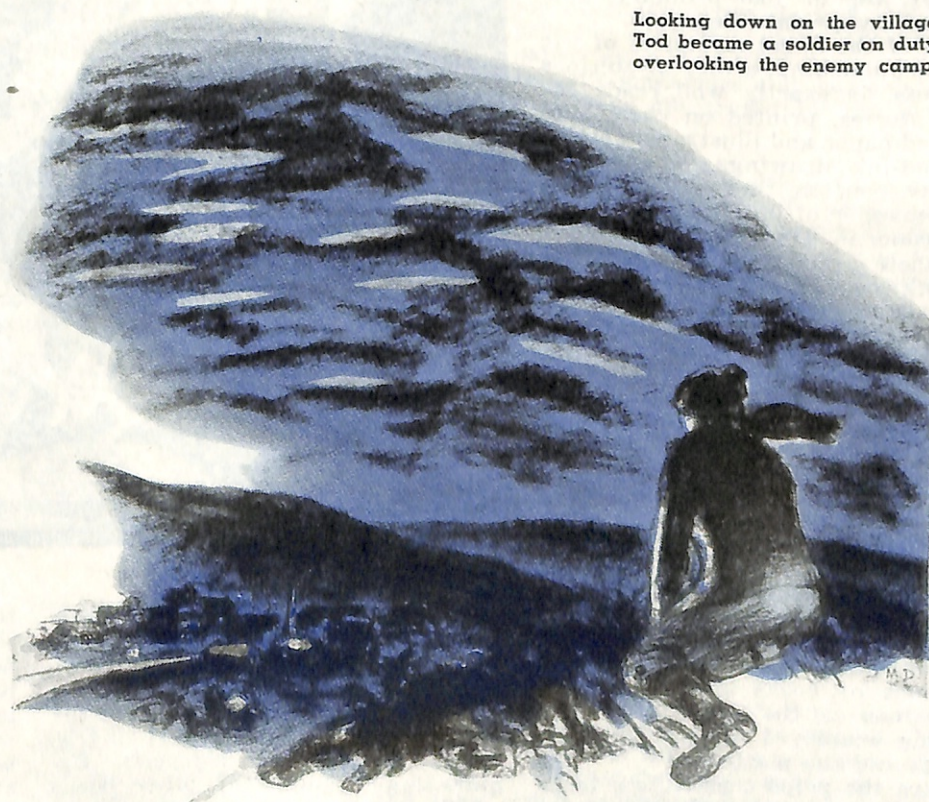
But now he was sure. He spread his shoulders and tried to match his step to her stride and made his eyes keen against the darkness. This was adventure. This was as proud a thing

as marching with Robin Hood himself, sharing leadership with a great outlaw. This was unmatched by any past experience, unmatched even by the time he had gone to the wood-lot with a pocket full of burnt cork, strolling past the constable and the constable's men who watched the house while Judge Ballard and the man from Virginia exchanged polite, double-edged words with his father inside. The Judge had talked of the Constitution and the laws of Congress requiring that runaway slaves be returned to their owners; and Tod's father had agreed, and spoke in turn of the laws of God and the duties of Christians. But Tod's mother had not talked at all, except to say, "Be careful!" when she handed him the burnt cork and pointed to the wood-lot. Tod wanted to tell Harriet about that time, and tell how the two men had walked away up the road unmolested, because the description on the poster the constable held was of bright-skin Negroes, and these two were black as tar.

BUT Harriet had said not to talk, and in any case, the pace she set was making him pant for breath. The dazzle of lamplight had worn away from his eyes; he could see the crooked line of the rail fence by the roadside, and the shapes of trees and bushes and the black mass of hills to the east. He looked keenly to right and left, challenging the shapes that might lurk behind the fence or the bushes. The hand grasping his hand was comforting and strong.

At Jensen's farm a dog ran out, barking (*Continued on page 38*)

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS



Looking down on the village
Tod became a soldier on duty
overlooking the enemy camp.

To get the spirit of the thing, you'd better read this article with a sub-machine-gun in one hand and an aspirin in the other. Those are standard working conditions for all pulp writers.

by
John Brushingham

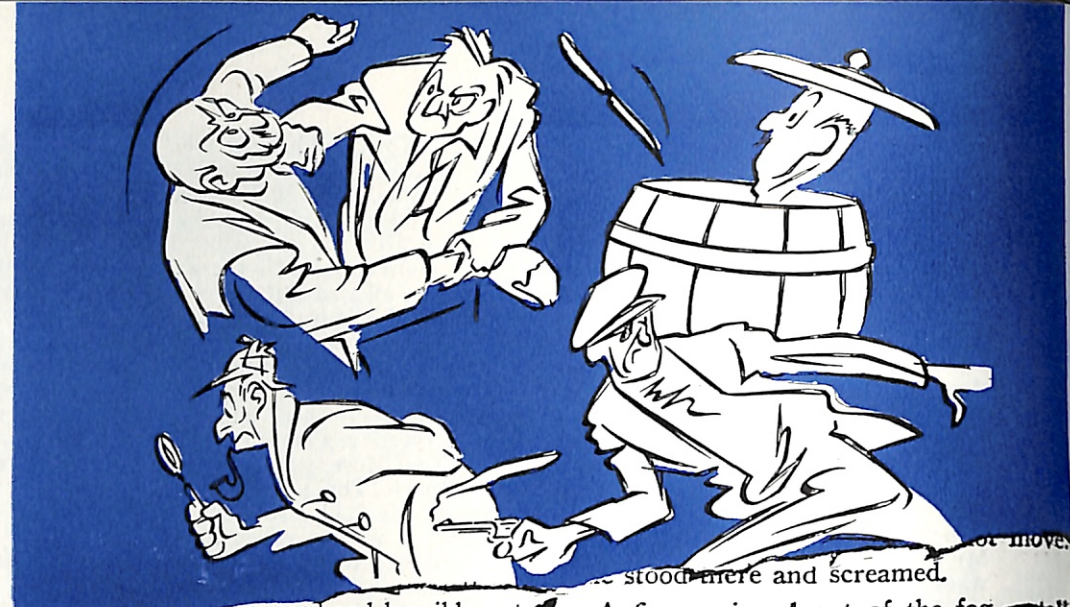
RIGHT this minute there is taking place, under the noses of most of us, a phenomenon that is beyond understanding. Even the men who helped bring it about lack complete knowledge of the causes. They only know that they have hit a bonanza. Theirs is not to reason why—they are interested only in nursing this goose which has laid the most productive golden egg the publishing business has seen in years. Appropriately enough, the goose is the pulp magazine.

Incredible as it may seem, there are more than five million citizens of the U. S. A. who buy at least one pulp magazine a month, regularly and religiously. Let us explain. The pulp magazine, so called because of the cheap paper on which it is printed, is the colorful book-size pamphlet with which the newsstands are laden to groaning. The covers usually depict a beautiful girl escaping from some horrid fate with the aid of a handsome, virile hero, be he cowboy, cop or just ordinary, garden-variety private detective.

One of the sweet mysteries of life in pulp publishing, a very mysterious business, is exactly who reads the lurid stories, printed on cheap, unfinished paper and illustrated only by pen-and-ink drawings. The editors frankly confess they do not know what manner of individual the average reader is. They do know, though, that their circulations constantly are turning over, because from newsstand surveys they find that adolescents comprise the bulk of the readers. And they know the pulps are the great American time-killer. Cab drivers, barbers and traveling salesmen dip into them for want of something better to do; inmates of homes for old sailors and soldiers' barracks draw upon the pulps for most of their mental stimulation.

Editors, publishers and circulation managers also know that the 125 pulp magazines on the market today command an audience in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 a month, a figure as far in excess of the circulations of books and slick paper magazines as the character of the writing employed to intrigue the muggs and the masters.

Since the pulps constitute a large measure of recreational reading for a great mass of Americans, it is im-



...smeared and horrible out-
line of what had been a face. A gaping
raw hole in which white wiggled
... from empty sockets
... worming in
... bones
... She was
... once
... bubbling
... "Get
... snapped
... "What happened?" It was the
man she had met back in the Blue Moon,
the private detective, Joe Gee
"I—this—"



portant and interesting to investi-
gate this strange branch of the writ-
ing and publishing business. A brief
word of explanation will help. The
Elks is a slick magazine; so are the
Saturday Evening Post, *Collier's*,
Liberty, *American*, *Harper's*, *Es-*
quire—any number of other books
which recruit the big-name authors
and are decorated by elegant illus-

trations in color. The appeal of the
slicks is general, with articles and
fiction presented in almost equal
part. The pulps are wholesale dealers
in elementary emotion and are de-
voted almost exclusively to fiction
because facts must be used in
articles and facts cramp the style of
the pulps.

Pulp readers and writers live in a

PIMPLES?

FALSE TEETH

Dropping or
Slipping

MEN

Ankles
Swollen?

don't WORRY

Avoid Embarrassment

ITCHING STOPS
IMMEDIATELY

60 DAYS
TRIAL

Stomach
Ulcers

EPILEPTICS!

HOW TO LOVE
10c

SNAKE MATCHES

THROW
YOUR VOICE

15 MILES OF
KIDNEY TUBES

JOY BUZZER

Open Any Lock

Classified according to the fields they inhabit, all pulps fall into six general categories ranked in the following order of popularity: Western, Detective, Love, Sports, Adventure, Horror and Pseudo-Scientific. Although the material is different, the general effect is the same. Realism is regarded in the same light as wife-beating by the pulps; it exists, unfortunately, but it has no proper place in the American home.

To repeat, nobody is quite sure who laps up this pap, for the pulps are read furtively and surreptitiously, much after the fashion of the old blood-and-thunder dime novels, from which they are direct descendants in an unbroken line. Boys of another generation, who used to smuggle dime novels to bed with them or retired to the privacy of the woodshed to follow the deathless exploits of the Brothers Merriwell, have not discarded completely their reading habits. People in the business continually are running into situations similar to that of Loring Dowst, who is head man of the *Horror, Terror, Dime Mystery, Detective Tales and Ace G-Man* department of Popular Publications.

Dowst boarded a commuter's train at Rye, N. Y., recently in company with one of his artists. A fellow traveler, obviously a staunch pillar of society and a gentleman of the old school, dressed in the height of conservative fashion — pince-nez, white piping on the vest, spats on the shoes, bowler on the head, stick in the hand—settled himself in a seat across the aisle. He unfolded the treasured *Times*, turned to the stock reports—and imagine the unbounded joy of Dowst when he saw the impeccable gent was using the newspaper as a blind to read one of Dowst's magazines and was engaged in a yarn illustrated by the artist with him!

THE men who knock out the staggering number of words and stories to keep the pulp-mill going are somewhat less mysterious than their characters and their business.

Most pulp writers fancy themselves as screwballs of the purest type, and they are right. You don't have to be crazy to bat out a million words a year, year after year—but it helps.

The word-painters also feel extremely sorry for themselves and wail that they are literary peons. It is to be feared they are correct again. Emotions and passions flare high in the pulps, but rates are low. Writers spin their harrowing tales for a penny a word on the average. Established craftsmen in the business get as high as two cents a word and a few aces jack their rates up to five cents a word. And some are very happy indeed to unload their rejections for half a cent a word.

Customers and colleagues who labor in the ivory towers of literature invariably are awed by the

dream world, where love always is pure, ennobling and sometimes unrequited. Virtue pays off handsome dividends and crime definitely pays nothing at all. The hero fights the good, clean fight, always wins his gal, game or goal. The heroine is a breath-taking creature, pure as the driven snow—who never drifts. The villain is a sinister, unscrupulous

gent whose fiendish motives always are frustrated. Sometimes he is reformed by the accumulated nobility of hero and heroine; more often he is befouled by his own dirty machinations, the bum. The world crawls with evil forces menacing the pursuit of life, liberty and love by all high-thinking citizens, but the pure in heart always triumph in the end.

energy and imagination of the pulp-writers. Any story-mechanic worth his salt turns out about a million words and 150 yarns a year to keep body and soul together. The average short story in the pulps runs about 5,000 words and, at the current rate of exchange, brings in fifty dollars. The catch, though, is that even the better artisans have one story in every three, at least, thrown back into their laps. These rejections are unsalable in most other markets, so it naturally follows that a man must manufacture a million words a year to sell a half-million and realize \$5,000 a year from his brain-brats.

These statistics leave the layman cold, but astonish the big-shot writers who get ten to thirty cents a word from the slicks for their labors of love. The angle which fascinates everybody, though, is where in the world the pulp-writers get their ideas for the inexhaustible stream of stories which flows from their typewriters or dictaphones.

A RESOURCEFUL, experienced writer can get an angle for a story anywhere, anytime, and nothing demonstrates it better than a well-authenticated anecdote involving Arthur J. Burks, one of the more prolific producers in the field. A couple of years ago Burks was being interviewed for *The New Yorker*. In the course of the conversation he casually mentioned he produced a million and a half words a year and had written twelve hundred stories for 140 magazines in a dozen years. He also went on to say that he spread his talents over stories classifiable as "detective, animal, western, mystery, fantastic, terror, airplane, World War, adventure, pseudo-science and weird".

Came the inevitable question: Where did he get his ideas for such staggering production?

"Name any object in the room," Burks said, "and I'll write a story around it."

A lampshade was pointed out.

"It's the shape of a coolie hat," he mused out loud, "and there's a little nick that looks like a bullet hole. . . ."

He was handed an ash-tray.

"Reminds me of a machine-gun part. I'll put a crew of three men in No Man's Land. . . ."

A picture in a gold oval frame was designated.

"A wound of that shape with a gold edge around it," Burks began. He dashed to his typewriter, inserted a piece of paper, wrote "The Gold Kiss" by Arthur J. Burks", and went to town, leaving the interviewer and participles dangling in mid-air.

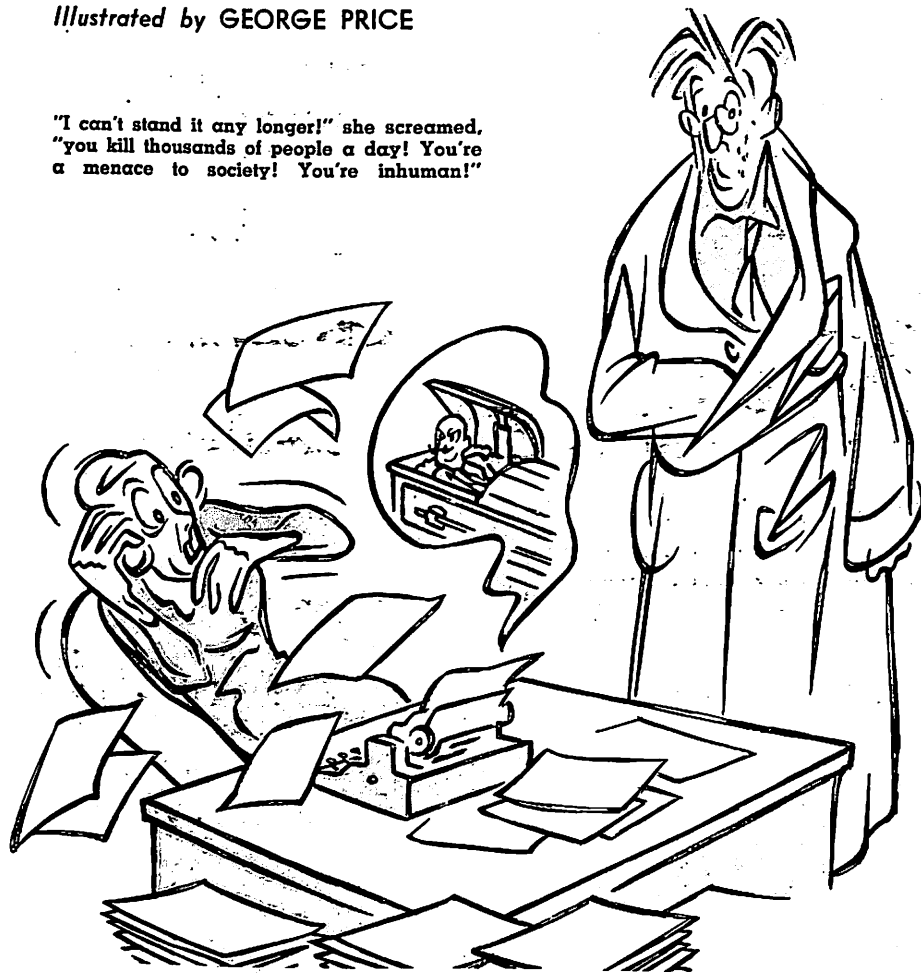
The wind-up is the most significant part of the episode. We have been told that Burks failed to sell "The Gold Kiss". But a rank amateur who read the item in *The New Yorker* wrote a story with the identical title, identical lead paragraph—and sold it to the magazine that had rejected Burks' yarn!

That's the pulp business. Almost anybody who can put one little word down after another may be able to sell a story, but one sale, or even ten, does not a purveyor of passion make. The trick is to acquire the facility and technique which enables an author to turn out a minor masterpiece on any given subject on short order. A veteran pulp-man is

One thing led to another and in practically no time at all he was in no condition to write anything but a bar bill. Before he went under the ether, however, he remembered his obligation. He staggered to a telephone, called a colleague and offered a cent and a half a word for the story which he gave a once-over-lightly synopsis, provided it was in

Illustrated by GEORGE PRICE

"I can't stand it any longer!" she screamed, "you kill thousands of people a day! You're a menace to society! You're inhuman!"



a fabulous fellow who can retire to a hotel room with or without a large quantity of liquid refreshment on a Friday afternoon and emerge Monday morning with a 45,000-word, book-length serial. And sell it before Monday noon. It's been done.

Burks likes to tell how *Sky Fighters* called him at ten in the morning and ordered three stories of 4,000 words apiece. Burks delivered the merchandise at six o'clock the same evening and was paid \$250.

Practitioners of the pulp art gain so much facility after several years that they can whip up a satisfactory story suggested to them in a few words. A famous anecdote, more actual than apocryphal, concerns the case of an editor who needed a certain story in a hurry. He called an author, outlined the piece he wanted, and offered two cents a word for the opus if it was delivered to him by three o'clock the next afternoon.

The author faithfully promised to lay the story on the line but decided he needed a stimulant before he beat the brains out of his typewriter.

his hands by two o'clock on the dot.

The second author was beginning to bat out the yarn by remote control when uninvited guests dropped in. He called still another man, gave him the story and a flat proposition of a cent and a quarter a word if it was delivered by one o'clock. The third author got involved with a creature who promised more adventure and romance than the silly story. He went to the 'phone. . . .

Well, sir, at midnight the editor who had ordered the story in the first place was routed out of bed and offered three-quarters of a cent a word for writing his own creation. (Most editors, who are paid starvation salaries which you wouldn't believe if you knew same, also write to eke out a decent living.) The editor sat down and worked all night to dash off the piece in time for the magazine's dead-line.

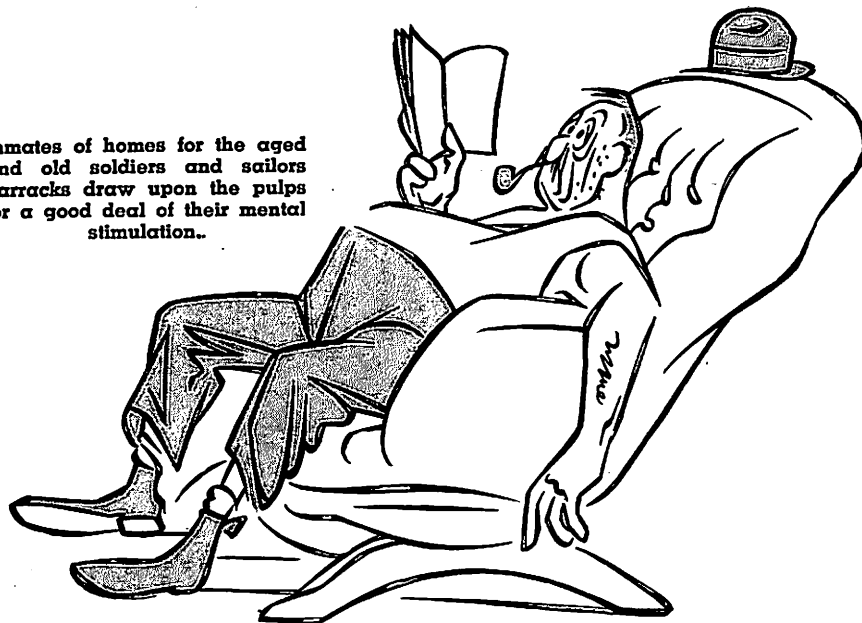
The pulp-writer's entire existence is concerned with getting a plot for his story and avoiding a plot in Potter's Field. Since the supply of the former, at least, is limited, the

trick is to give old situations new twists, fresh angles. This is done by changing the locale, transposing names, injecting a few—very few—new episodes into an old chestnut or simply rewriting one's self interminably. Sid Bowen, a former member of the Lafayette Escadrille, has sold more than two hundred air stories and he insists every one stems from the same basic plot. If all the pulp authors who have plagiarized themselves were brought to justice, typewriters would be standard equipment for every well-appointed jail in the broad land.

A juicy murder in real life will give inspiration to a flock of pulp material. Public characters such as Dizzy Dean, J. Edgar Hoover, Charles Lindbergh, Thomas E. Dewey, Al Capone, Walter Winchell, Carole Lombard and the cop on the corner are swell subject types for serving as central figures in stories. The recent trial of German Bund leader Kuhn in New York will live for months in the pulps. A best-seller gives the penny-a-word mechanic all the background he needs for a month's output dealing with the same locale or subject matter. After Nordhoff and Hall clicked in the slicks and the movies with their South Sea novels, the pulps were deluged with deathless pieces laid in Tahiti.

If authentic source material is not available, the author does the next best thing: he pulls local color, background and characters out of his bottomless hat. A man who never has been closer to Scotland Yard than a summons for speeding on Main Street does not let that deter him from drawing upon the secret machinations of England's great crime detection bureau for his plot. How many of the readers can trip

Inmates of homes for the aged and old soldiers and sailors barracks draw upon the pulps for a good deal of their mental stimulation..



him up, anyway? Few authors ever have been taken for a ride by a gangster, much to the disgust of a certain portion of the populace, but a little thing like that will not stop an honest worker from giving a very graphic description of a victim's sensations.

A writer who had just submitted a nice little job dealing with intrigue and infamy in Tibet, summed up the situation neatly and niftily when he was queried by an editor on the reliability of his stuff.

"Nobody knows anything about the joint," the author said casually. "When you write about Tibet you gotta write about the lamas. Okay? The lamas don't know anything about the secret order themselves. So

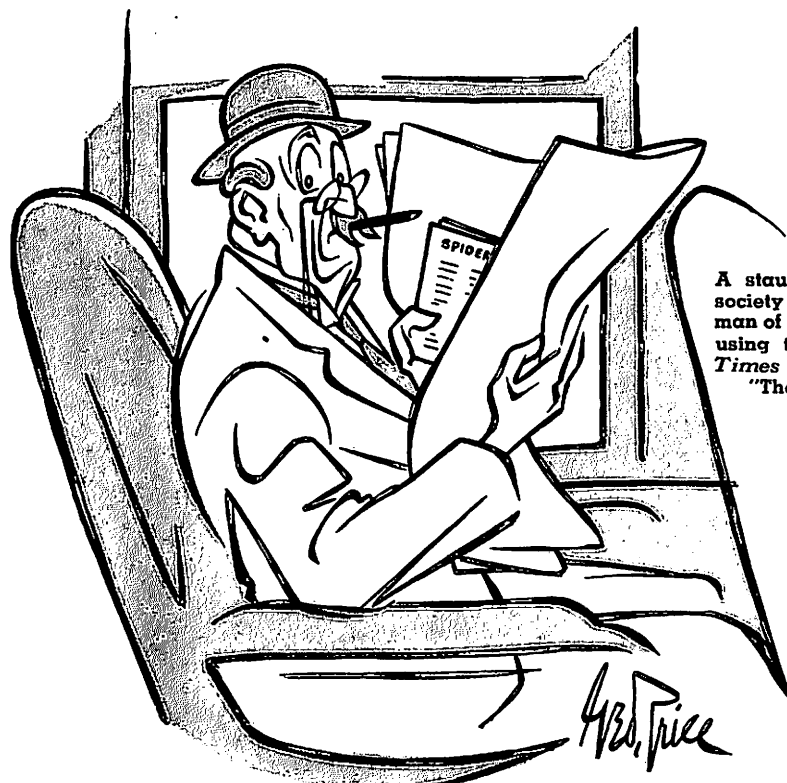
how can we miss? It's a sure thing."

Since the business calls for definite stylists, the method of working is as individualistic as the writers themselves. The common practice, to eliminate wasted time and potential flops, is to submit a rough, and usually verbal, outline of a story to the editor. If it is approved, the author sits down and knocks it off in a hurry; an old hand rarely needs more than two days to complete a short story and he can 'turn out a story in a day when he's in the groove.

Some belabor a typewriter, but a good trick is shooting the stuff into a dictaphone or giving it to a secretary by direct dictation to save time and the physical work of typing. There are talented citizens who can write a complete story "out of a hat". That is, they need nothing but their imagination and a vague theme to do a workmanlike job without recourse to notes or references for local color, technical material and background. And there are fortunate fellows who have elaborate, intricate, cross-indexed files from which they can draw at random to put together a tight, commercial piece of work.

A regular seller's monthly production is so voluminous that he must use several pen-names to avoid duplication in the magazines of the field. Burks' stuff, for example, has appeared under the pseudonyms of Estil Critchfield, Burke MacArthur, Lieut. Frank Johnson, Lieut. Scott Morgan and Spencer Whitney. Then, of course, there are a host of "house-names" owned outright by the magazines. Burt L. Standish, who wrote the Merriwell stories for Street & Smith, has masked the identity of hundreds of authors. Popular Publications has the copyright on Grant Stockbridge, the name under which "The Spider" is written, and the same set-up applies to Curtis Steele, for "Operator No. 5".

No matter what name or method
(Continued on page 44)



A staunch pillar of society and a gentleman of the old school using the treasured Times as a blind for "The Spider!"

Down Mexico Way-



**Mr. Scanlan tells of a foreign land that is closer to us
this year than ever before. Mexico—just a jump from
Houston, the convention city**

by Pancho Scanlan

Photo Courtesy of National Railways of Mexico

THE fabled land of the Aztecs has become, this year, one of the favored lands of the traveler. Below the Rio Grande is a cornucopia of plenty to appease the appetite of the sightseer, the scholar, the sportsman and the escapist. The lively, lilting, tuneful "Allá en el Rancho Grande" figures in this country's hit parade and sums up the romance and color that is fiesta-loving Mexico. On the other hand, there are signs of more serious interest in Mexico on all sides and the cultures of pre-Colonial times, together with the vast social reforms now going on are favorite topics in the classroom and the drawing room.

Thousands of Elks and their families will, this July, be headed toward Houston for the 76th Grand Lodge Reunion. Houston is so close to Mexico City and so comfortably and conveniently reached that you may want to take advantage of this opportunity to plan for a journey to Mexico as part of your trip to the Convention. This will be the first time in 32 years that a Grand Lodge session has been held so close to Mexico and it may be a long while before you're again so near the land "South of the Border."

There will be several forms of transportation available to you for

your journey. Fine trains, the kind you've been accustomed to in your travels around America, having standard air-conditioned sleeping cars with the very latest type of accommodations, will carry you, without change, from the Convention city to Mexico's capital. The well-appointed dining cars serve excellent food and the air-conditioning makes the train ride a pleasant one.

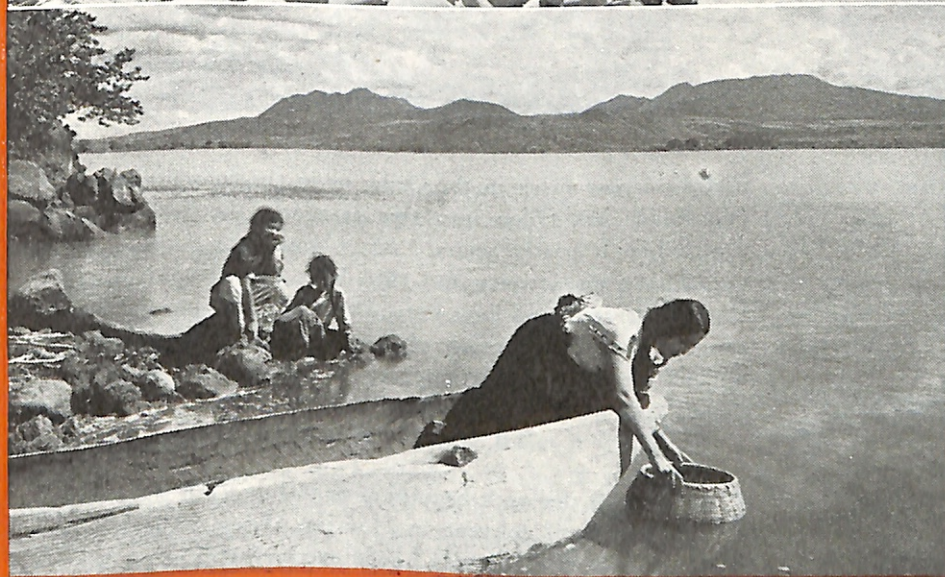
You can fly, too, if you want to cut many hours from the ground journey and so spend a little more time "South of the Border" before heading back home. The comfort and safety of modern air transportation will truly amaze you if you have never flown. Giant 21-passenger liners will take you off the ground at Houston and, by means of through-connections at Brownsville, will place you in Mexico City less than seven hours later. The deeply upholstered seats, quiet insulated cabins, trim flight-stewards and lovely stewardesses, give you a restful and luxurious trip. You will enjoy the panorama from the sky that this trip offers to you.

Mexico City's mean annual temperature is sixty-eight degrees and the thermometer rarely goes more than eight or ten points in either direction from that figure. Summer

excursion fares will be in effect to make the rates surprisingly low, and with the exchange so favorable (the peso is six to one at the present writing) a Mexico vacation is really cheaper than staying at home. You may obtain your Tourist Card—no passport is necessary, at your nearest Mexican Consul or in Houston and there are no formalities or red tape about getting in and out of the country.

If you are a camera enthusiast, Mexico will fit your conception of Paradise to perfection, for everywhere the scenery, the people, the archeological and historical monuments lend themselves readily to photography. Perhaps fishing is your favorite sport, in which case you should arrange to spend several days at Acapulco on the Pacific, for sailfish or marlin, or at Tampico on the Gulf of Mexico for tarpon. Golf, tennis, swimming, archeology, hiking, folklore, hunting, architecture, bull-fighting—or just sittin' and whittlin' . . . what sort of fun do you fancy most? Mexico's appeal covers a multitude of tastes, with quiet, slow-moving Indian villages for jangled nerves and tropical jungles for thrills and adventure.

The history of Mexico is essentially the history of its capital and



At top: Open air mart in any Mexican "Byway" town. It so happens that this is Uruapan—"Flower of the State of Michoacán".

Above: "Every day is Wash Day" in Lake Pátzcuaro, State of Michoacán. This is the famed "Lake Region" north and west of Mexico City, the ancient abode of the Tarascan Indians.



Huichole Indians, from the Pacific slopes of Colima and Jalisco. All in all, there are more than 65 Indian tribes in Mexico, each with its own language and time-honored customs.

Mexico City should be your destination. This is a huge sprawling metropolis of more than a million inhabitants, thoroughly cosmopolitan with fast-moving taxis, dial telephones, radio stations, modern hotels, smart country and no end of movie houses.

At least six or eight days are necessary to hit the high spots in the Mexico City area. The first day, you "do" the city. You will find humble peasants shuffling along the broad boulevards of the capital, side by side with well-dressed Mexicans who are on intimate terms with Saks-Fifth Avenue and the newest fads in any American city. Not only that, your path may be crossed by an Indian walking half a dozen turkeys to market and a line of traffic may be held up to let pass a *cargador* with an amazing load of pottery or half the family household strapped on his back. This is the Mexico that is ever new and ever old; the fabulous capital that presents a fascinating picture at every turn. The open air marts are sources of never-ending interest; there is the theatre, the opera and the symphony; Chapultepec Park is a favorite retreat for picnickers and through its shady lanes the *charros* (gentlemen cowboys) prance on their handsome steeds of a Sunday morning. Again and again, you will want to return to the Zocalo, Mexico City's enormous central plaza, the hub of the Republic.

Each day you should try a different restaurant—French, Spanish, German, Italian, American—even Mexican! No chance of your going hungry here.

The famed Shrine of Guadalupe and the Pyramids occupy another day of your stay; the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, smiling Cuernavaca and quaint Taxco require at least two days; Toluca must be visited on Friday, because that's Market Day; Puebla, the tile center, and Cholula, ancient Toltec stronghold, take up another day. And you still need a day or two more in Mexico City. Then, if you have more time, spend two or three days at the Garci Crespo Spa, with trips into the gardenia and orchid country or a full week in the Tarascan Indian country and the Zapotec-Mixtec settlements in the State of Oaxaca.

The possibilities are almost without limit. If you make up your mind to do a little first-hand investigating after the Houston Convention to become convinced that your neighbors who rave about Mexico (and they all do) have something to rave about, drop a note to the Travel Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and we'll send you specific information. This will include literature, rates, suggested itineraries and any other information you'd like. Even if you're not going to Houston for the Convention, you'll probably want to investigate the possibilities of a Mexico vacation. You can go abroad without going a-board.



Drawings by H. Gilmore



EDITORIAL

Time To Take Inventory

SUBORDINATE lodges, having elected their new officers, are entering on another year of activity. No matter how outstanding the accomplishments of your lodge may have been last year, they should be exceeded this year, otherwise your lodge is merely marking time which in the final analysis means that it is slipping and hence failing to measure up to its opportunities.

This is a good time to take inventory not only of the accomplishments of your lodge but also of your own activities as one of its members. The lodge is merely an aggregation of individual Elks and its accomplishments in the community are a composite picture of the result of combined effort. Have you done your part? If you, without hesitation, can honestly answer this question in the affirmative, you have only to carry on during the present lodge year, but if in perfect candor you must answer in the negative, you should at once resolve to snap out of your lethargy and with renewed energy put your shoulder to the wheel in the future.

Is your lodge measuring up to its opportunities in your community? If not, wherein is it remiss, and where lies the responsibility? These questions are not addressed in general to your membership but to you personally as an individual Elk. Other lodges are fully measuring up to their opportunities, why not yours? There is no room in our Order for lodges which are merely existing. Such lodges serve no

useful purpose either in the Order or in the community. If your lodge has fallen into this category, the fault in all probability is partly yours. After you have doubled and redoubled your activity and then have tripled your energy thus accelerated, and have induced others to do likewise, you can enjoy the satisfaction of belonging to a really worthwhile fraternal organization in your community.

To Texas We Go

DURING the week beginning next July 14th the Grand Lodge will convene in Houston, Texas. The formal opening and the only public exercises will be on Monday evening, July 15th, at eight o'clock, and the first business session will convene at ten the following morning.

The city of Houston proudly and also rather nonchalantly proclaims that it is the largest city in the largest state in the Union. Everybody, of course, knows that Texas is the largest state, but those who have not traveled its wide expanses fail fully to realize how big it actually is. To impress this on the mind of the reader, we have done a bit of checking and "believe it or not", if they could be moved, the landed area of Texas would accommodate the following states within its borders: Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and when all of these states shall have been moved into Texas, there still would remain unoccupied a fair size garden patch of 7,514 square miles. It therefore very clearly appears that we will have plenty of elbowroom.

The very name Texas appeals to us as Elks. It is an Indian word and in the tribal language is synonymous with "friends" or "friendship", the latter being the motto of this state. Hence it requires but little stretch of the imagination to have the word embrace Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity—the four cardinal principles of our Order.

Then Texas is known as the Lone Star State. That also appeals to us as Elks for every lodge has its own "lone star"



which sheds its light on the emblems when the lodge is in session and theoretically shines on them at all times, for the star "continues ever to burn".

The great southwest offers many allurements to those who are planning their vacations in connection with the journey to the Grand Lodge. Houston is an attractive city, well equipped for entertaining conventions, with ample air-conditioned hotel accommodations. Every indication is that the Session this year will be well attended and that it will mark another important milestone in the history and development of our Order. Many lodges are making well planned and elaborate preparations to participate in the event. The Elks of Texas are arranging to join with their Brothers of Houston Lodge in extending a hearty welcome to all of those in attendance. It is hoped that every lodge will be represented on the floor of the Grand Lodge, in fact it is important that they be so represented—important to the Grand Lodge but of even greater importance to the subordinate lodges.

April, the United States War Month

THOSE inclined to superstition will breathe easier after the month of April shall have been marked off the 1940 calendar with the United States still not entangled in any of the wars now raging beyond the seas.

April is known as the war month of the United States, and no wonder it has been so dubbed when we consider that the Revolutionary War began on April 19, 1775; the war with Mexico on April 24, 1846; the war between the States on April 15, 1861; the war with Spain on April 21, 1898, and the World War on April 6, 1917.

Had Shakespeare been putting into the mouth of the Soothsayer words of warning to be delivered to us instead of to Julius Caesar, the quotation probably would have read "Beware of the Month of April" instead of "Beware of the Ides of March".

However, few, if any, of us believe in Soothsayers and of course none of us are superstitious. Still there stands the



disquieting realization that April is ushered in by All-Fools Day. This recalls Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar from which the following is quoted:

"April 1. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other three hundred and sixty-four."

Lodge and Association Bulletins

AT least one activity on the part of subordinate lodges and State Associations either entirely fails of appraisal or is valued at much less than its actual worth. Reference is made to lodge bulletins and news sheets issued by many State Associations. The former are principally devoted to announcements, personal items and comments of special interest to the membership of the instant lodge. The latter cover a wider field and are devoted to matters concerning the Order in general but more especially of interest to the lodges in each state holding membership in the State Association. While the influence of each such publication is thus rather narrowly circumscribed, their combined influence is of tremendous importance in stimulating interest throughout the whole Order and in building it for wider influence and great accomplishments.

Some of these bulletins and news sheets are printed and others are mimeographed but regardless of the form in which they are issued, they carry messages of fraternity and make for a closer, more binding and hence more effective and worthwhile fellowship. Most of them are well and ably edited by some one or more Brothers who are devoted to the Order and who have volunteered for this work. They richly merit commendation and words of encouragement to carry on in a field of useful endeavor not otherwise occupied. Some are entitled to special recognition due to outstanding excellence but to single them out for special mention might not be entirely fair for they may have better support than others which are issued under less favorable conditions. We hail them all and extend greetings with words of encouragement to continue in their splendid work.

Under the ANTLERS



Members of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge with Mayor Frank E. McAllister, second from right, shown presenting gifts to a group of needy children.

N. D. Elks Give \$5,000 to State For Crippled Children Work

A gift of \$5,000 to the Crippled Children's Division of the North Dakota Child Welfare Bureau, permitting the Division to obtain another \$5,000 in Federal matching funds, was presented to the State on January 25 at Bismarck by the North Dakota State Elks Association. The money was raised by a \$500 contribution from each of the State's ten lodges—Fargo, Bismarck, Williston, Grand Forks, Dickinson, Jamestown, Minot, Mandan, Devils Lake and Valley City. All of the lodges were represented in Bismarck that day by officers, delegates and committee members, present for the winter meeting of the State Association.

The \$5,000 check was presented to Governor John Moses by State Vice-Pres. Sam Stern, of Fargo, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the North Dakota State Elks Association. In his speech of acceptance, broadcast from the executive office where the presentation was made, the Governor commended the Elks of the State for their splendid achievements in crippled children activities during the past 12 years. This latest contribution, the Governor stated, would be spent for actual hospitalization, medi-

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

cal care and treatment and none of it for administration or purposes other than direct aid for the children. Gov. Moses also announced that the creation of an Advisory Committee of three members of the State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Committee, to serve in an advisory capacity to the Crippled Children's Division, had been approved by the State Welfare Board. (At a meeting held that afternoon, Mr. Stern, P.E.R. Robert W. Palda, of Minot Lodge, and P.E.R. Ronald N. Davies, of Grand Forks Lodge, were chosen to serve on the Advisory Committee.) Frank Milhollan, Chairman of the State Welfare Board, who was in charge of arrangements for the ceremony, Miss Theodora Allen, head of the Child Welfare Department, a large number of State and city officials, and prominent Elks from all parts of North Dakota, were present. A half-hour concert by the Purple and White Band

of Bismarck Lodge No. 1199 and a luncheon in the lodge home, followed the ceremony at the Capitol.

At a meeting of the delegates from the lodges, held before the presentation, business of the State Association was transacted. Reports on membership showed substantial gains. At the afternoon business session crippled children work was reviewed and the program for 1940 was discussed.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Holds Double Birthday Celebration

More than 700 members and visitors assembled in the home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, on February 5 to celebrate the 72nd anniversary of the founding of the Order and the 36th birthday of Long Beach Lodge. A feature of the program was the presentation of 35-year continuous service awards to twelve of the founders and builders of the lodge. Dr. W. Harri-man Jones, a charter member and Dean of the Past Exalted Rulers, made the presentations. P.D.D. Newton M. Todd, P.E.R., acted for the lodge in awarding 20-year service pins to more than 60 members. A resolution, introduced by former State Trustee Arthur B. Cheroske, conferring upon the retiring secretary of Long Beach

Right: State Vice-Pres. Sam Stern, at right, presents a \$5,000 check from the ten Elk lodges in North Dakota, to Governor John Moses. The money will be used to aid the State's crippled children program.



Lodge, Alex J. Strachan, the title of Secretary Emeritus and awarding him a life pension, was unanimously approved. Mr. Strachan served as secretary for 22 years.

Fitting ceremonies centered about a 50-pound lighted anniversary cake. Some interesting information was related in several inspiring addresses, such as the fact that the lodge, located in a spacious, modern home, is entirely free of debt, and that it has grown since its institution with a small membership into the third largest lodge in California, one of the largest in the Order, and the largest fraternal organization in Long Beach. Superior Judge Walter J. Desmond, P.E.R., Gen. Chairman A. L. Parmley, P.E.R., and E.R. John W. Harvey were the principal speakers. A vaudeville show, featuring the famous Long Beach Elderbloom Chorus, climaxed the program, and refreshments were served.

Marshall, Texas, Lodge Observes Past Exalted Rulers Night

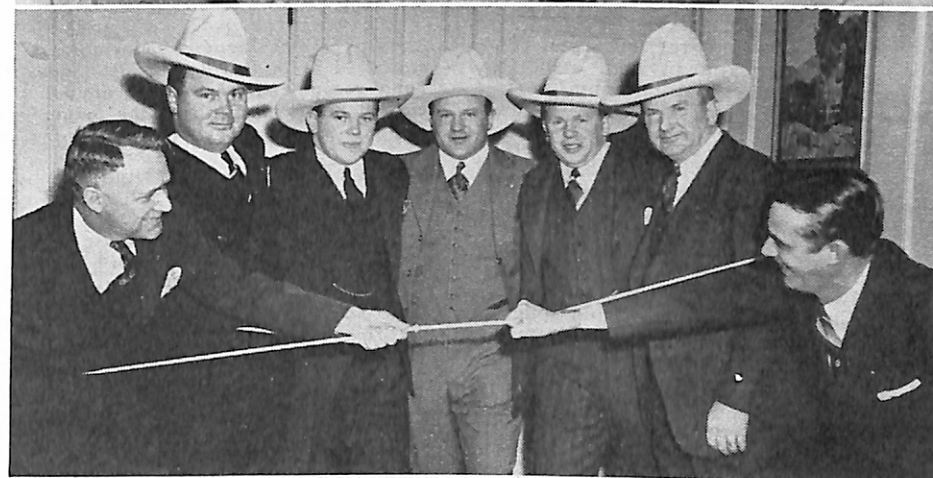
P.E.R. Ray J. Clark, D.D. for Texas, East, presided at a meeting held recently by Marshall Lodge No. 683 in observance of Past Exalted Rulers Night. All of the chairs were filled by Past Exalted Rulers, and full ritualistic work was put on in ceremonies of initiation.

The attendance was large, including many veteran members and 14 Past Exalted Rulers. A social session in the club rooms followed the meeting.

Elks of New Castle, Pa., Organize "The 50 Club"

Elks of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, turned out recently for a roast turkey feast and a speaking program which culminated in the forming of a new social-educational organization—"The 50 Club". The guest speaker, the Rev. Father Leo S. Watterson, an assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church and a member of the Order, gave a scholarly talk along patriotic lines.

Only the first 50 Elks who purchase dinner tickets may attend the Club's monthly programs, and only 50 tickets are printed. Harry D. Horner was selected to head the Club and was given



the title of "Master Chef". Preparations for all the dinners are under his personal supervision.

Athletic Group of Los Angeles Calif., Lodge Gives a Party

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, numbers among its members quite a few athletic stars, and recently they got together in the home of the lodge for a dinner, games and a party. Badminton and handball contests were held. The players were divided into two groups. After the total number of points in these two popular sports had been compiled, prizes were awarded the winners.

Wallace Stockton, Physical Director of the lodge, and Sid Weisman, Hand-

Above: Wiley L. Moore, Sr., and his three sons and son-in-law, all of whom are members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, photographed with J. Clayton Burke, Pres. of the Georgia State Elks Assn., and George B. Yancey of Atlanta.

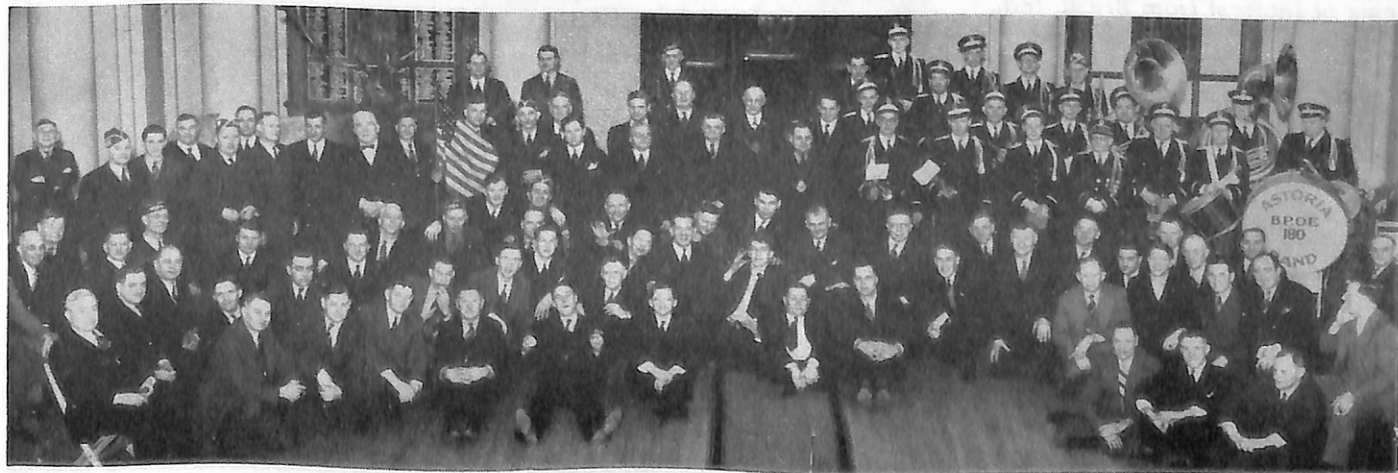
ball Chairman, presided. Moving pictures in technicolor were made and shown after the party.

Elks of Logan, Ohio, Hold Mortgage-Burning Ceremonies

The mortgage on the home of Logan, O., Lodge, No. 452, was burned recently with appropriate ceremonies. P.E.R.'s C. E. Larimer and Tide Huston officiated in the burning of the paper.

The evening was festive, with 138 members and ladies present to enjoy a varied program. During the meeting, at which several candidates were initiated, games were provided for the

Below: Part of the group of 300 members who attended a meeting when a mounted elk was presented to Astoria, Ore., Lodge by Portland Elks.





Above: The brass band of 55 members, organized by Milton, Pa., Lodge. The Band recently gave its first annual concert before members of the lodge.

ladies who were, however, guests of the lodge at dinner and invited, also, to witness the mortgage-burning ceremonies in the lodge room. A dance was the concluding event on the program.

State Vice-Pres. Edward J. Creamer Dies at New Haven, Conn.

News of the death of Edward J. Creamer, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Assn., was received with sadness by the members of his lodge, New Haven, No. 25. Mr. Creamer was preparing to visit Danbury Lodge No. 120 for the homecoming of D.D. John P. Gilbert, on January 11, when he was stricken.

Mr. Creamer was a former Alderman of New Haven. Prior to his election as Vice-President, he served the Conn. State Elks Assn. as Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Testimonial for George L. Johnson Given by Waltham, Mass., Lodge

An honorary life membership has been presented to charter member George L. Johnson, retired Chief of the local Fire Department, by Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953. The presentation of the card, together with a gold card case bearing a suitable inscription, was made by E.R. George W. Loving at a banquet given in Mr. Johnson's honor.

The rathskeller of the lodge home was taxed to capacity by a gathering which included members of the lodge and city officials who were invited guests. Mayor Arthur A. Hansen, Police Chief Asa E. McKenna, Senator Louis B. Connors and Wires Superintendent R. E. Neal were among those who spoke. Joseph M. Kohler was Toastmaster.

News of Interest from Brazil, Ind., Lodge

The members of Brazil, Ind., Lodge, No. 762, received the first copies of their lodge bulletin in January and expressed such satisfaction that the Publicity Committee, headed by P.E.R. George R. Lawson, was directed to continue publication. In connection with the bulletin, the Committee is also presenting a history of the lodge in such form that it may be retained as a permanent record.

Right, above: Elks of Los Angeles, California, Lodge shown at the Athletic Stag Dinner held by the Lodge recently

Right, below: Members of Paterson, N. J., Lodge when the Lodge presented an "Iron Lung" to the city.

It was announced some time ago by the Program Committee, headed by P.E.R. Dr. A. A. Spears, that Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, would again officiate in the installation of the new Brazil officers. The Grand Secretary, a Past Exalted Ruler of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, is regarded as an "adopted son" of No. 762. The meeting and social session on April 1 marks his seventh consecutive visit to Brazil Lodge for the purpose of presiding at the installation ceremonies.

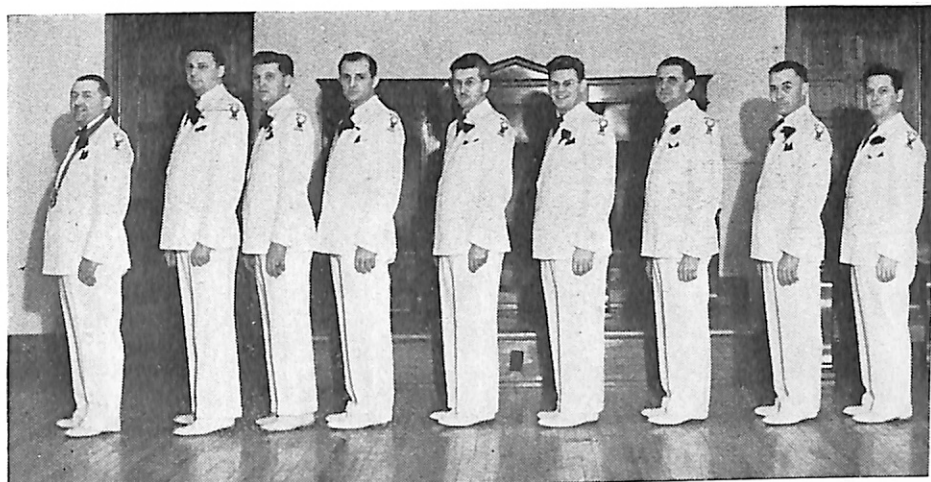
Inspecting his home lodge in his official capacity as D.D. for Ind., S. Cent., P.E.R. John H. Weaver, was honored at a banquet attended by about 30

members of Greencastle Lodge No. 1077 and almost 100 members of Terre Haute Lodge No. 86. In addition, almost 250 Brazil Elks were present. Two hundred ladies, including widows of former members, attended the Annual Elks' Ladies Party held in February. Social activities for the current lodge year ended with an Easter Dance on March 30 for members and invited guests.

Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge's Annual P.E.R.'s Night

Past Exalted Rulers Night was held by Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, No. 1564, on February 1. P.E.R. Louis T. Schroeder presided. P.E.R.'s Harry S. Coslett and Michael W. Fahey, and three charter members, J. C. Hebditch, Joseph H. Moore and Charles E. Prescott, Tiler of the lodge, were present. Mr. Prescott has not missed a meeting since the lodge was instituted in 1929.





Left: The Drill Team of Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge.

His faithful attendance was recognized by a standing vote of appreciation.

Several interesting talks were made. The principal speaker, Leo M. Moore, a member of the Maryland Legislature, chose as his subject "Why I am An Elk". After the meeting, a buffet clam supper was served.

Honolulu, Hawaii, Elks Raise Large Sum for Infantile Paralysis Aid

Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 616, is the money-raising medium for the Honolulu Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Among the local projects of recent months to which the lodge contributed was a warm water pool, fifteen by six feet, constructed in Queen's Hospital, where treatment is given needy patients, and crutches, braces, wheel chairs, aid in hospitalization, etc., are supplied without cost.

Governor Joseph P. Poindexter,

Chairman for Hawaii of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, is a member of the lodge. The Governor has commended the lodge committee highly for its work in conducting the "March of Dimes" and in staging the President's Birthday Dances, held in Honolulu on January 27.

After every bill had been paid, it was found that more than \$5,000 had been realized. This did not include birthday cards, reports at the time being unavailable. Leading in the campaign were Paul Lindner, Chairman, and John C. Linzer, acting as Treasurer, and to their enthusiasm, careful planning and genius for organization, the lodge gives the major portion of credit for the success of this year's undertaking. A steady annual increase during the past few years is shown by figures supplied by the lodge. In 1937, the net proceeds were \$2,061.45, in 1938, \$2,921.56 and in 1939, \$3,428.27. Appreciation has been ex-

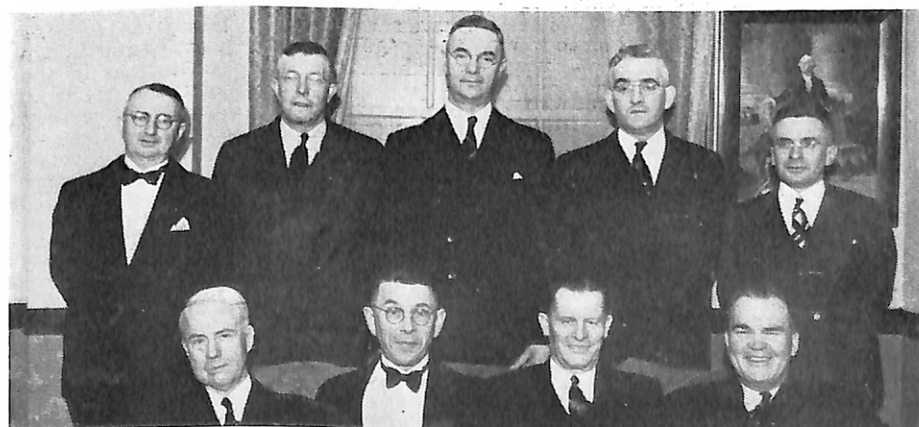
pressed also for the splendid help given by the lodge's co-sponsor, *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, edited by Riley Allen, and the assistance rendered by Honolulu hotels, orchestras and merchants. Special mention also made of two members of No. 616—J. Walter Doyle who, with the U. S. Customs Pistol Club, holds individual honors, turning in \$934, and V. A. Sprinkle who came in second with a sale of 630 dance tickets.

Paterson, N. J., Lodge Presents Iron Lung to City on P.E.R.'s Night

On Past Exalted Rulers Night, observed February 13 by Paterson, N. J. Lodge, No. 60, an Iron Lung for use in treating infantile paralysis was presented by E.R. Norman A. Tattersall, through Mayor William P. Furrey, to the city of Paterson. The lung, an Emerson type, costing \$1,500, was the gift of the combined General Charity Fund and Crippled Children's Committees of the lodge. The two Committees have resolved to continue their efforts until a similar adult respirator has been purchased for each of the local hospitals, namely, St. Joseph's Hospital, General Hospital and Miriam Barnert Hospital. Fred Hoelscher is the Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee. The General Welfare Fund is headed by P.E.R. John W. Eyres.

The Iron Lung was on display in the lobby of the U. S. Trust Co. in Paterson for two weeks prior to the presentation. Bank officials reported that several thousand people made special trips to inspect it and that all were lavish in their praise of the lodge, the committees and the purposes for which the gift was to be used.

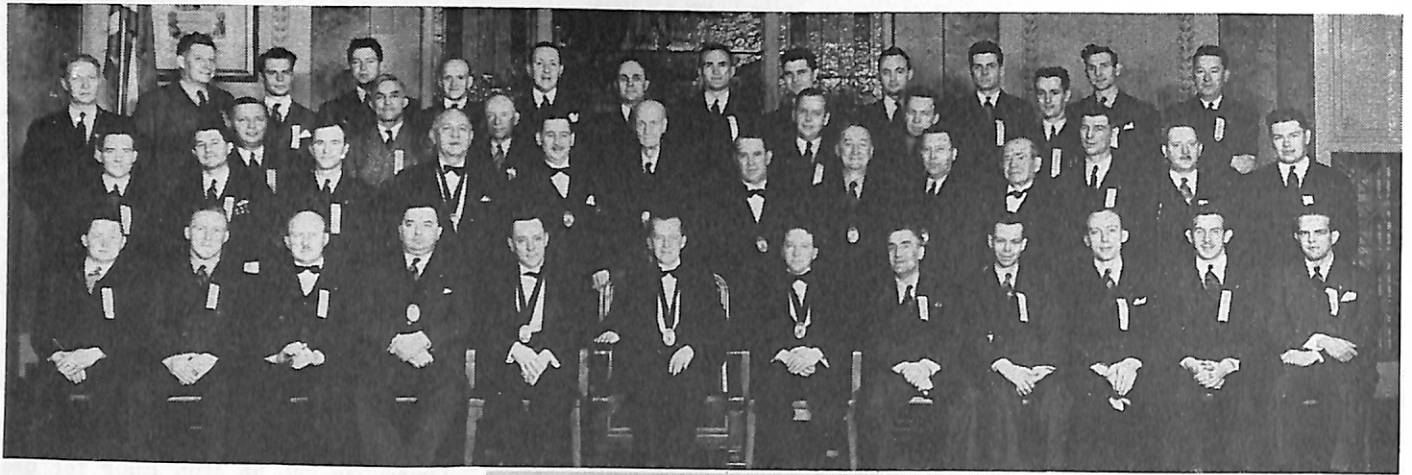
Among the 400 Elks present in the lodge room for the ceremonies were many prominent members of New Jersey lodges, including William J. Jer-nick of Nutley, Pres. of the State Elks Assn., and D.D. Russell L. Binder, Hackensack. Several candidates were



Left: Members of the Committee of Butte, Mont., Lodge who purchased the "Iron Lung" which was presented to the City by the Lodge.

Below: Fifty-one of the 73 members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge who received Pins in recognition of 20 years' continuous membership in the Lodge.





Above: A class of 33 new members of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, initiated in honor of the late F. W. Coates.

Right: The basketball team sponsored by Wellsville, N. Y., Lodge.

initiated. Old Timers Night was also observed that evening and many who joined Paterson Lodge from thirty to fifty years ago turned out for the celebration.

Bath, Me., Lodge Initiates a Class In Honor of L. E. Thebeau

Bath, Me., Lodge, No. 934, honored P.E.R. L. Eugene Thebeau, P.D.D. for Maine, West, with the initiation, on February 21, of a special "Thebeau Class" numbering 51 candidates, all of whom are employed in executive positions at the Bath Iron Works, Inc., where Mr. Thebeau is Treasurer and General Manager. The Class was said to be the largest ever initiated in the State in honor of a Maine member.

The ceremony, held in the City Hall, was preceded by a dinner and entertainment at the lodge home. The members of the committee in charge were P.D.D. John P. Carey, P.E.R. H. Joseph Madden, William S. Newell and Archibald M. Main.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Honors Its Two Surviving Charter Members

A Joseph G. Buch Class was initiated recently at Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580. A report of the Crippled Children's Committee showed that more than 9,000 citizens had received aid in the past 17 years. A dinner was given in honor of the two surviving charter members, R. B. Corson and Philip Aroff. Former Senator F. M. Reeves was Toastmaster.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge Fetes Underprivileged Children

Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, held its sixth annual shoe and stocking party recently. Every one of the more than 500 underprivileged children received a new pair of shoes, galoshes, and two pairs of stockings, and in addition enjoyed an afternoon theatre party at the Capitol Theatre. This treat was made possible by Stanley Cady, manager of the theatre and a member of the local lodge. After the show the children were escorted to the lodge home where a bounteous repast was served, and an entertainment program presented.

Under the direction of Garrett Beimer, General Chairman of the Elks



Shoe and Stocking Committee, and Mayor Frank E. McAllister, a member of Kalamazoo Lodge, gifts were presented to the children at the close of the program. E.R. Robert Beveridge pronounced the party one of the most successful given in several years. Approximately \$2,000 in cash was required to finance the Elks' shoe and stocking party this year. Funds were raised through Golden Gloves boxing exhibitions sponsored by the Elks, parties conducted during the year at the lodge home, and personal subscriptions from members of the lodge.

Elks of Colo., Central, Meet at Colorado Springs Lodge

In order to bring about a closer relationship among the nine lodges of Colorado, Central, a district meeting and a joint initiation were held on

February 3 at Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309. D.D. Jacob L. Sherman, of Denver Lodge, Past Grand Esquire, was in charge of arrangements. Three hundred and fifty Elks attended. An elaborate dinner was served at 6:30.

For the initiatory work, Mr. Sherman selected one officer from each of the lodges in the district. Grand Lodge members who occupied stations in the lodge room and opened the meeting, in addition to Mr. Sherman, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge; P.D.D. George W. Bruce of Montrose; Judge Wilbur M. Alter of Victor Lodge, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Arthur L. Allen, Pueblo, Pres. of the Colo. State Elks Assn.; Past Grand Esteemed

Below: The championship basketball team of Tyrone, Pa., Lodge.





Left: Nebraska Elk officials and members of Alliance, Neb., Lodge photographed on Past Exalted Rulers Night.

Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, Denver; P.D.D. Arthur C. Mink, Canon City, and Past State Pres. Don C. Hutchings, Colorado Springs.

For the initiatory ceremonies, the stations were turned over to those officers who had been selected by the District Deputy. Their exemplification of the Ritual was faultless and very impressive. The class of 30 candidates represented the nine lodges of the district. Mr. Coen and Mr. Sherman delivered the principal addresses of the evening, and both were enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Sherman completed his official visits as District Deputy in November, 1939.

Chelsea, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Its 35th Anniversary

More than 250 Elks and their friends attended the 35th anniversary celebration held on January 31 by Chelsea,

Mass., Lodge, No. 938, in its newly renovated lodge rooms. A steak dinner, a vaudeville show and a dance were features of the program. Chairman of the Anniversary Committee William J. Riley acted as Master of Ceremonies. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by E.R. Benjamin L. Schwalb. Bernard Magnus was Chairman of the Elks Entertainment Committee and Alvin Toltz, of the Music Department of the Public Schools, assisted in assembling the talent. Many prominent Elks from other lodges joined the local members in celebrating

Below: A group picture of the well known "Carolers" of Oakland, Calif., Lodge.

At bottom: A photograph of the banquet given by Red Wing, Minn., Lodge for the City's championship high school football team.

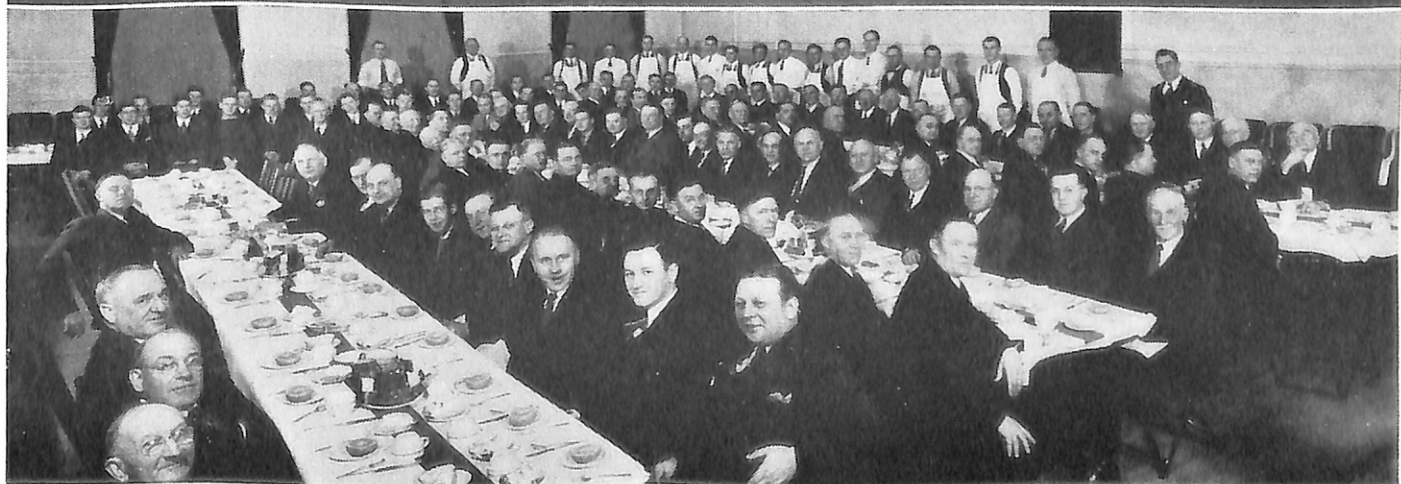
Northampton, Mass., Lodge Mourns Passing of P.E.R. A. J. LaMontagne

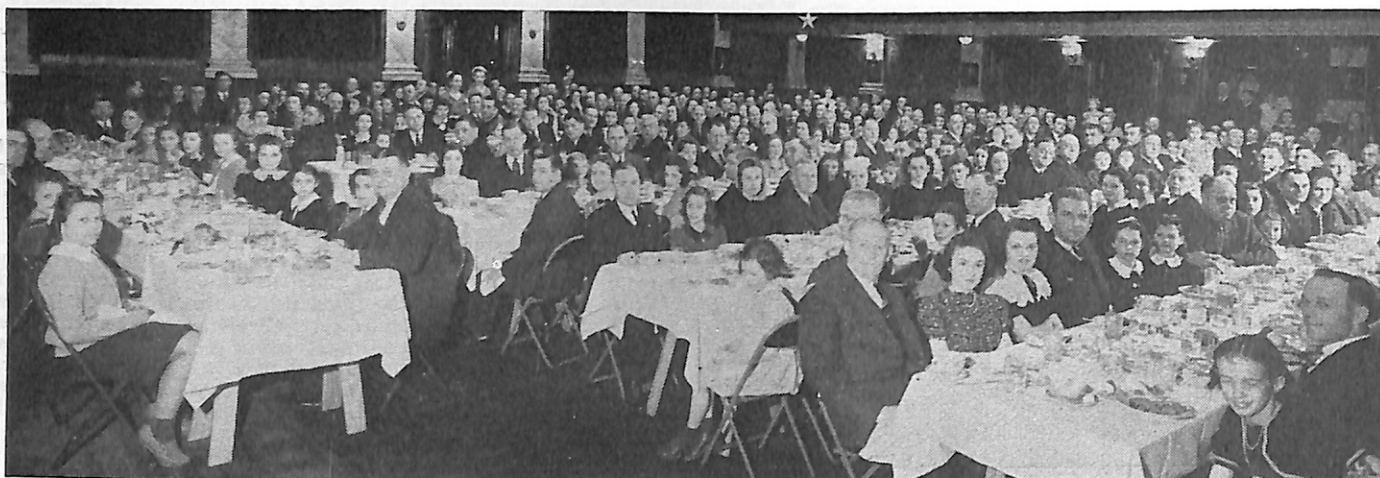
Memorial services for Arthur J. LaMontagne, Trustee, senior P.E.R. and an honorary life member of Northampton, Mass., Lodge, No. 997, were conducted on February 7 in the lodge home, where his body lay in state, by the Past Exalted Rulers Association. Burial took place the next day in St. Mary's Cemetery, with members of the lodge acting as pallbearers.

Mr. LaMontagne served as Trustee for many years. His three sons are members of Northampton Lodge.

Orange, N. J., Elks Honor Their Chaplain on Past Exalted Rulers Night

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, observed Past Exalted Rulers Night on February 12. The meeting was held that evening by a special dispensation,





Above: A photograph taken at the Father and Daughter Banquet held recently by Lansing, Mich., Lodge.

granted through District Deputy Andrew F. Polite, of Madison, in order that Charles F. Werner, Chaplain for 23 years, could be honored on the 50th anniversary of his initiation into Orange Lodge.

Past Exalted Rulers occupied the Chairs and Past Exalted Ruler John H. Moran presided. William J. Jernick of Nutley Lodge, President of the N. J. State Elks Association, and the District Deputy, Mr. Polite, were among those who were present to pay tribute to the guest of honor. A message, congratulating Mr. Werner, was received from Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Honors Memory of Exalted Ruler

The John Mondale Memorial Class of 40 candidates, honoring the memory of E.R. John Mondale, was initiated into New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, on February 15. Mr. Mondale was killed while at work. The tragedy occurred when he was making an inspection of the Renton Mine where he was employed.

The initiation ceremonies took place on Past Exalted Rulers Night. The work was performed by a degree team headed by P.E.R. Otto R. Grotefend acting as Exalted Ruler. Among the visiting Elks present were D.D. John Niland of Kittanning Lodge and P.D.D. W. C. Kipp of Apollo.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Awards Gold Service Pins to 73 Members

An attendance estimated at 500 witnessed the presentation, recently, of gold pin insignia to members who had rounded out 20 years of continuous membership in Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289. More than 50 of the 73 who

qualified were present to receive their service pins. Emblems were forwarded to the others. The presentations were made by Cameron D. Thom who was Exalted Ruler twenty years ago when the majority of the gold pin recipients were initiated.

Mayor William J. Goss, P.E.R., introduced by Roy N. Clayton, Chairman of the lodge's Twenty Year Pin Committee which was in charge of arrangements, was a speaker. The ceremonies followed a brief business meeting, conducted by E.R. Russell E. Ostrander. Visiting Elks were present from lodges in neighboring communities. P.E.R. Thomas F. McCue, a former Vice-President of the Calif. State Elks Assn., was a member of the Alhambra delegation. A buffet supper concluded the program.

Highway Crosses of Warning are Erected by Live Oak, Fla., Elks

Standing as mute evidence of fatal automobile accidents in the county are small white crosses placed along the highways by members of the Elks Safety Committee of Live Oak, Fla., Lodge, No. 1165. A cross marks the exact spot of every tragedy of the kind that has occurred in the area since September, 1937, the date of the re-establishment of the lodge.

Est. Lead. Knight Ottis Brown, Chairman of the Committee, explained

that the crosses are being erected as a reminder that reckless driving is dangerous. The crosses are painted white with "B. P. O. E." and the lodge numbers lettered in black. They are readily seen from the highways, and at night are lighted by reflectors. E.R. J. L. McMullen and Police Chief Arch Hunter, a member of the Safety Committee, were present when the first cross was set in place by the Chairman, Mr. Brown.

Altoona, Pa., Lodge Gives a Banquet for Past Exalted Rulers

Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, observed Past Exalted Rulers Night by giving a banquet for its own Past Exalted Rulers and those of other lodges, residing within its jurisdiction. Past District Deputy Robert F. Roth, who is a member of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge, and resides in Altoona, was the speaker of the evening. Two hundred local members and guests attended. Altoona Lodge was instituted in 1888. Two charter members are living, senior Past Exalted Ruler J. S. Stier, and P.E.R. I. C. Mishler who was present at the banquet. A regular lodge session was held with Past Exalted Rulers occupying the various Chairs and stations, and a class of candidates was initiated.

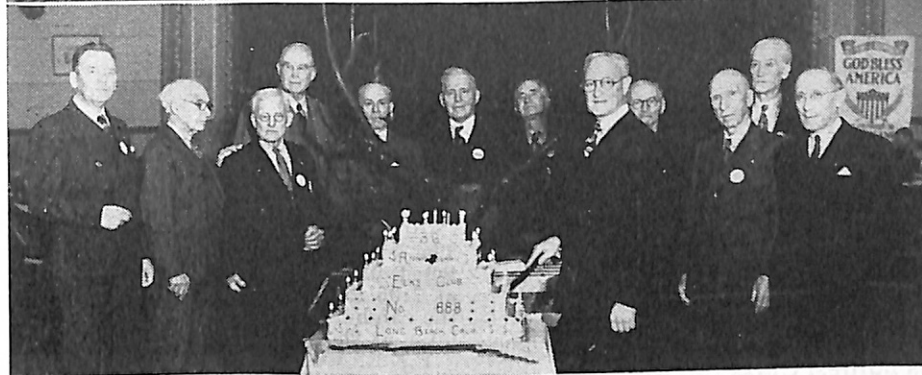
Altoona Lodge is enjoying rapid growth, following the remodeling of its spacious home and lodge rooms. The handsomely furnished grill on the street floor provides three thousand square feet of floor space for the recreation and entertainment of Elks and their ladies. The basement grill has been fully equipped for stag affairs for Elks and for rental to outside groups. The lodge is in an excellent

Below: Elks of Santa Monica, California, photographed with members of Los Angeles, California, Lodge.



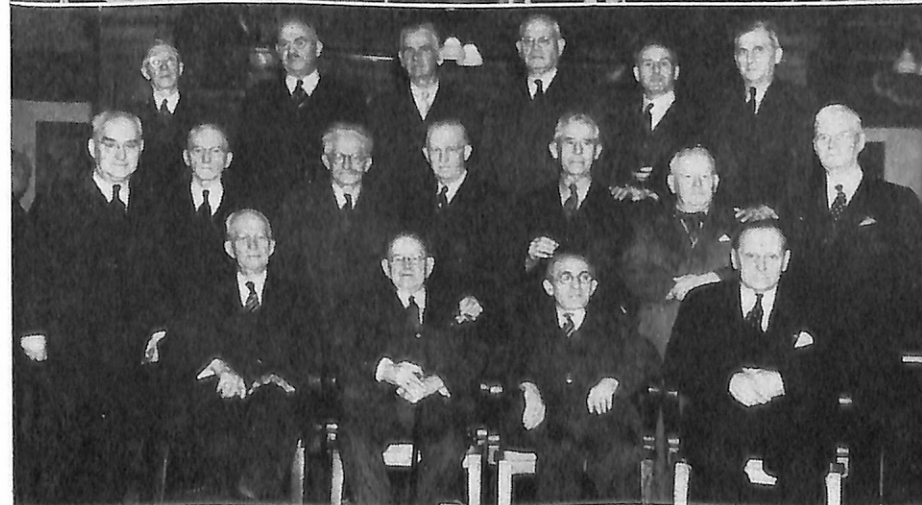


Above: Old Timers of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge at the Anniversary Party when they received service awards for 35 years' continuous membership.



At top: A group of 20 disabled men and women who were entertained by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge at a Homecrafters' Party not long ago.

Below: The presentation of two Doctors' Record Desks by members of Everett, Mass., Lodge to the Whidden Memorial Hospital of that City.



At bottom: A photograph taken on Old Timers' Night at Portland, Me., Lodge. These men have been Elks for more than 30 years.

financial condition and is confidently looking forward to a period of continued growth and prosperity.

Leechburg, Pa., Elks Burn Mortgage On Past Exalted Rulers Night

The regular meeting of Leechburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 377, on February 6, was exceptionally interesting. It was preceded by a banquet attended by 85 Elks. It being Past Exalted Rulers Night, all the Chairs were filled by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, 14 of whom were in attendance. The Exalted Ruler's Chair was occupied by P.D.D. Clarence O. Morris, the oldest Past Exalted Ruler in point of service now affiliated with the lodge.

During the meeting Leechburg Lodge celebrated its freedom from debt by burning the mortgage on its home. A delegation from Apollo Lodge No. 386, headed by P.D.D. W. C. Kipp, attended. The delegation from Kittanning Lodge No. 203 included P.E.R. John Niland, D.D. for Penna., Cent., all of the officers and many of the members.

Springfield, Mo., Lodge Presents City With American Flag

A large American flag, the gift of Springfield, Mo., Lodge, No. 409, to the city, is unfurled daily over the public square. In a formal ceremony which took place on the 72nd anniversary of the founding of the Order, the flag was presented to Mayor Harry D. Durst, and was raised for the first time by E.R. C. C. Williford.

Response to a recent Americanization program, sponsored by the lodge and broadcast over Station KWTC, was so favorable and widespread that the Station called the secretary and insisted upon giving the lodge a free 15-minute period every Sunday for 10 weeks for similar programs. The proposal was accepted. The Springfield Elks Quartette, nationally famous, has figured prominently on the programs.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge Honors Veteran Railroad Members

More than 300 guests assembled in the grill rooms of the lodge home recently for a social session held by Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, in honor of the old-time railroad members of the city. Elaborate exhibits of the now historic B. B. & K. Ry., one of the earliest oil town railroads, were on display.

Members were awarded prizes for the best costumes symbolic of the early '80's. Music, entertainment and a buffet luncheon were provided. The affair followed a regular lodge meeting at which a class of candidates was initiated.

The 35th Anniversary Celebration Of Quincy, Mass., Lodge

The 35th anniversary of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, was celebrated on Sunday, February 18. Ritualistic work, faultlessly performed, was featured at two meetings, one called to order at 3 P. M. and the other held in the evening. A buffet luncheon was served in the interim and entertainment was provided by singers and musicians from the Club Mayfair in Boston. About 400 Elks were present in the lodge home. George W. Arbuckle, acting as Master of Ceremonies, introduced the distinguished Guests at both lodge sessions, and acted for the lodge in the presentation of life



Left: E.R. D. W. McCuaig and Secy. Fred W. Goodes, of Alma, Mich., Lodge, with E.R. M. W. Whaley of Cadillac, Mich., Lodge, at the initiation of a class of candidates into Alma Lodge in honor of Mr. Gaades.

memberships to the seven members who were present to receive them. Eight were awarded.

First Degree work was performed by E.R. Daniel J. Hurley and the Quincy officers. The Class initiated numbered 17 candidates. The handsomely uniformed Degree Team of Malden Lodge, No. 965, with P.E.R. Edward Devine as Captain, put on the Second Degree at the evening meeting.

Quincy Lodge held its Old Timers' Night on February 13. A majority of the Past Exalted Rulers took part in the meeting, and also provided entertainment and refreshments.

Boulder, Colo., Elks Stage Unique Entertainment

Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566, staged a mock trial not long ago and tried one of its Trustees, P.E.R.

Homer Pennock. After much alibi testimony on behalf of the defendant, the jury found a true verdict of "Guilty of being a good Elk and a good sport". More than 320 Elks were present for the fun. Their "verdict" was that the entertainment was one of the best put on by the lodge in recent years.

Dayton, O., Lodge Initiates Its Largest Class In Two Years

Dayton, O., Lodge, No. 58, initiated

Below: Members of the Appleton, Wisconsin, Elks who have been affiliated with the Lodge for more than 25 years.

At bottom: The championship Antlers Drill Team sponsored by Kelso, Washington Lodge.

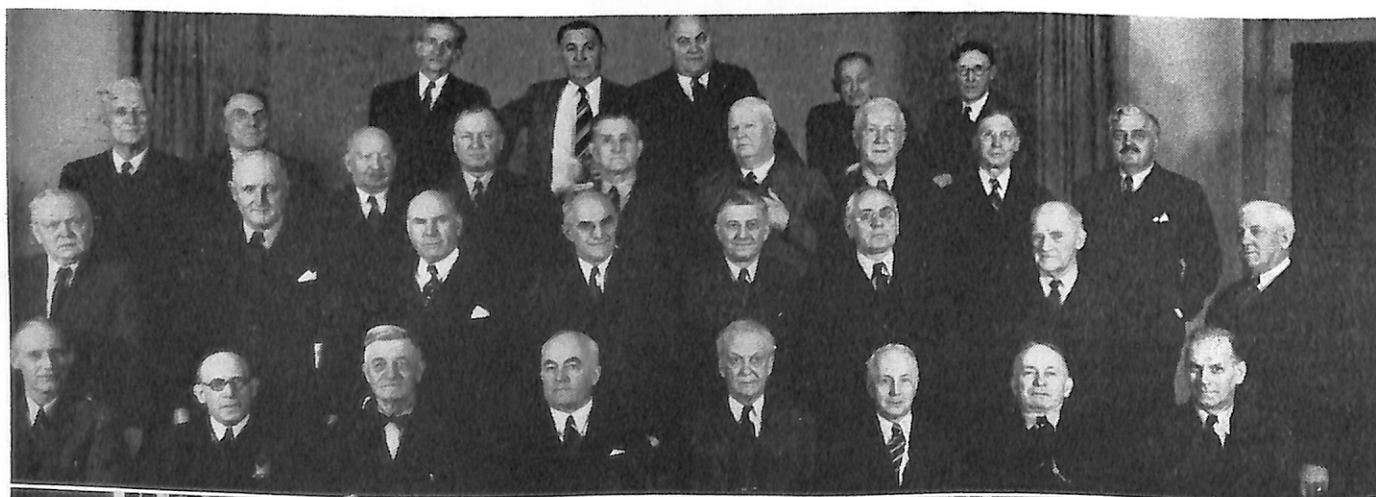
a class of twenty candidates recently, the largest since the lodge was instituted a little more than two years ago. The Class was the result of a two weeks' "Goat Campaign" for obtaining new members.

To make this particular night doubly impressive, the lodge observed "Americanism Night". One of Dayton's best speakers, Judge Schlafman of the Municipal Court, delivered the address. The new members and Old Timers of the lodge were guests of honor at a venison dinner later in the week.

Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge Honors Its Past Exalted Rulers

Past Exalted Rulers were honor guests at a meeting of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, in February. The evening began with an old-fashioned chicken pot pie dinner served at 7:30 to more than 100 members and the candidates who were to be initiated later at the lodge meeting.

P.E.R. Kenneth E. Trefts acted as Exalted Ruler during the ceremonies of initiation and former Secretary Guy Stewart acted as Secretary. P.E.R.'s T. P. Weldon, E. D. Cockrun, T. A. Twitchell, R. H. Bardin and R. A. Stewart also officiated and despite the fact that most of them had been out of office for several years, each was letter perfect. A short but informative address to the newly made Elks was delivered by Mr. Weldon.





Official Visit of State Pres. Arthur To St. Albans, Vt., Lodge

The President of the Vermont State Elks Association, Harold J. Arthur, Burlington, paid an official visit to St. Albans Lodge No. 1566 on February 8. A large and enthusiastic representation of the St. Albans membership was present, together with delegations from Burlington, Rutland and Montpelier, Vt. Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, sent a large delegation which included P.E.R. Golda H. Douglas, D.D. for N. Y. Northeast, and W. Edward Hudson of the Publicity Committee of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., for the express purpose of inviting the officers and members of No. 1566 to attend the reception and meeting on February 15, the date of the greatly anticipated visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner to Plattsburg Lodge.

St. Albans Lodge is the home lodge of the District Deputy for Vermont, John R. Hurley. Mr. Hurley gave an interesting talk during the meeting.

Death of James M. Burke Brings Sorrow To Visalia, Calif., Lodge

Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298, lost one of its five remaining charter members when Senior P.E.R. James M. Burke died early in February. He is mourned by the entire membership. Mr. Burke was an Elk of the highest type. Initiated into Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, in 1909, he was a member of the Order for more than thirty years, twenty-six of which he spent in serving Visalia Lodge in practically all of its undertakings. At the time of his death, he was President of the Visalia Elks Building Association.

Mr. Burke was a prominent attorney and associated with the local firm of Farnsworth, Burke and Maddox. He took a leading part in the final granting by the Federal Government of sufficient funds with which to start and get under way the tremendous Central Valley Water project.

P.E.R.'s Night Observed by Wapakoneta, O., Lodge

This year for the first time, Past

Above: Elks officials and members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge photographed on "Owen Keown Night".

Exalted Rulers Night and Ladies Night were observed jointly by Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170. During the lodge session, the ladies were entertained at cards. P.E.R. Walter Bauer presided at the meeting.

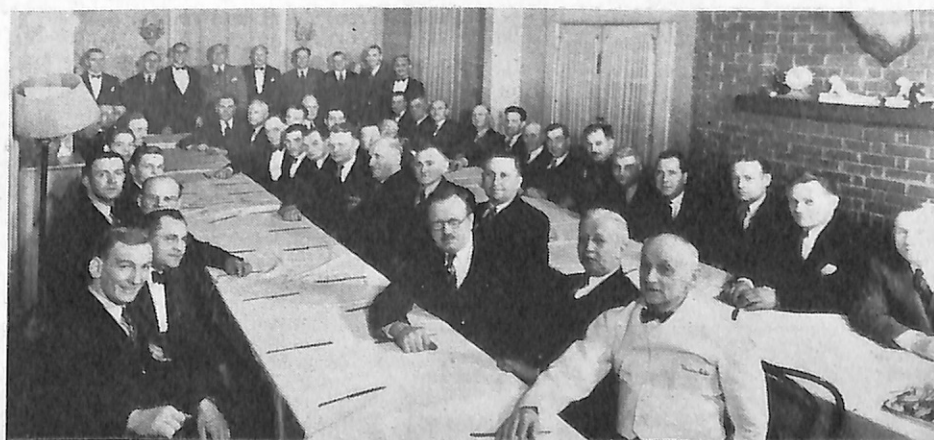
"Dusty" Miller, Wilmington editor-humorist, delivered an address on "Folks I Like" to 225 Elks and ladies. Mr. Miller was the speaker at the dedication of the lodge home in 1924. A buffet luncheon and dancing concluded the evening.

Alma, Mich., Lodge Initiates a Fred W. Goodes Class

The long and valuable service rendered by Secy. Fred W. Goodes and his remarkable record of eight years' perfect attendance were officially recog-

nized a few weeks ago by Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400. The Fred W. Goodes Class, formed especially for the purpose of honoring Mr. Goodes, was initiated by E.R. Donald W. McCuaig and his officers, assisted by officers of Cadillac Lodge No. 680 headed by E.R. Monroe W. Whaley. A delegation of 16 Cadillac Elks drove 100 miles over icy Michigan roads to take part in the testimonial meeting. An elaborate supper was served.

Mr. Goodes was initiated into Alma Lodge in 1926. Six years ago the lodge encountered difficulties and was on the verge of surrendering its charter. That the vigor and eloquence of the secretary's arguments against such a move and his efforts for reorganization on a sound basis put an end to this unhappy situation, is acknowledged by a grateful membership. Today the lodge is active and prosperous. Mr. Goodes is still secretary, performing the duties of his office with characteristic cordiality and efficiency.



Above, right: Union, N. J., Elks at a banquet given in honor of Past State Pres. Charles Wibiralski.

Right: Leechburg, Pa., Elks who were present when the mortgage on the Lodge home was burned.



Left are 70 new members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, including Gov. Harold Stassen and Lt. Gov. Elmer Anderson, of Minnesota, and Mayor William Fallon of St. Paul.

Astoria, Ore., Lodge Receives Gift From Elks of Portland, Ore.

A recent get-together of more than 300 Elks at Astoria, Ore., was in the nature of a home-coming for "straying" members who call Astoria Lodge No. 180 "home", and visiting time for Elks from other lodges in Oregon and the State of Washington. In special ceremonies, a handsomely mounted elk was presented to Astoria Lodge by Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, the presentation speeches being made by D.D. Frank J. Lonergan and E.R. George A. Marshall. Because of the illness of E.R. W. C. Logan, the honor of accepting the gift fell to P.E.R. Frank M. Franciscovich, President of the Oregon State Senate and Astoria's longtime spokesman in the State Legislature halls.

The largest visiting delegation came by special train from Portland. E.R. Cecil Dye headed the Tillamook, Ore., delegation. Other lodges represented were Vancouver, Raymond, Kelso and Longview, Wash., and Oregon City, Ore.

Superior, Wis., Lodge Holds Its Annual P.E.R.'s Night

Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, observed Past Exalted Rulers Night on February 1. Since its institution in 1898, the lodge has had 36 Exalted Rulers, one of whom, the late Thomas B. Mills, became Grand Exalted Ruler.

Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers attended the meeting and two charter members, Fred C. Marx and William Hiland, were present as honor guests. Past Exalted Rulers occupied the

Chairs, with Senior P.E.R. Olaf Johnson, who has been a member for 33 years, presiding. Superior Lodge is in a splendid condition. It is engaged in many worthwhile activities and has no debts.

Lodge No. 1036 Is Civic Center Of Fitzgerald, Ga.

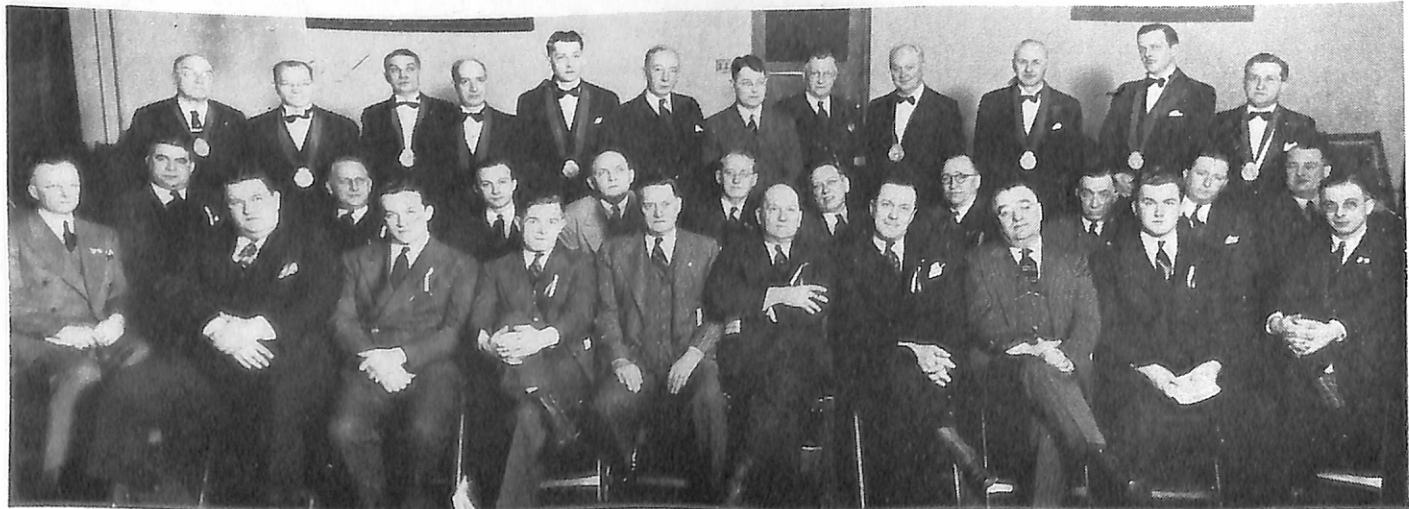
Fitzgerald Lodge No. 1036 is one of the most active lodges in Georgia. It has won the admiration and respect of the public for its charitable work, maintains excellent quarters and has become the civic center of the city of Fitzgerald. The members are looking forward to the time when they can build a permanent home.

One of the social events of the winter season was a barbecue dinner for members and their wives. The ladies have assisted greatly in numerous activities and are credited with the success of many of the lodge's undertakings. Judge D. Edward Griffin, P.E.R., was Toastmaster at the dinner. Special music was provided.

Racine, Wis., Lodge Honors P.E.R. Charles Armstrong

P.E.R. Charles A. Armstrong, the sole remaining charter member of Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 252, was honored at a dinner-meeting on January 31, and presented with a gold, engraved life membership card. Mr. Armstrong

Below: A class of 20 new members which was initiated recently into Dayton, Ohio, Lodge, photographed with the Lodge officers.



was praised as a man, a citizen and an Elk by the speakers, among whom were E.R. Harold Christensen, Toastmaster Milton J. Knoblock, State Pres. Frank T. Lynde of Antigo and P.E.R.'s B. F. Magruder and Charles Everett. Mr. Everett, aged 84 years, is the oldest member of the lodge. Presentation of the life membership card was made by Mr. Magruder.

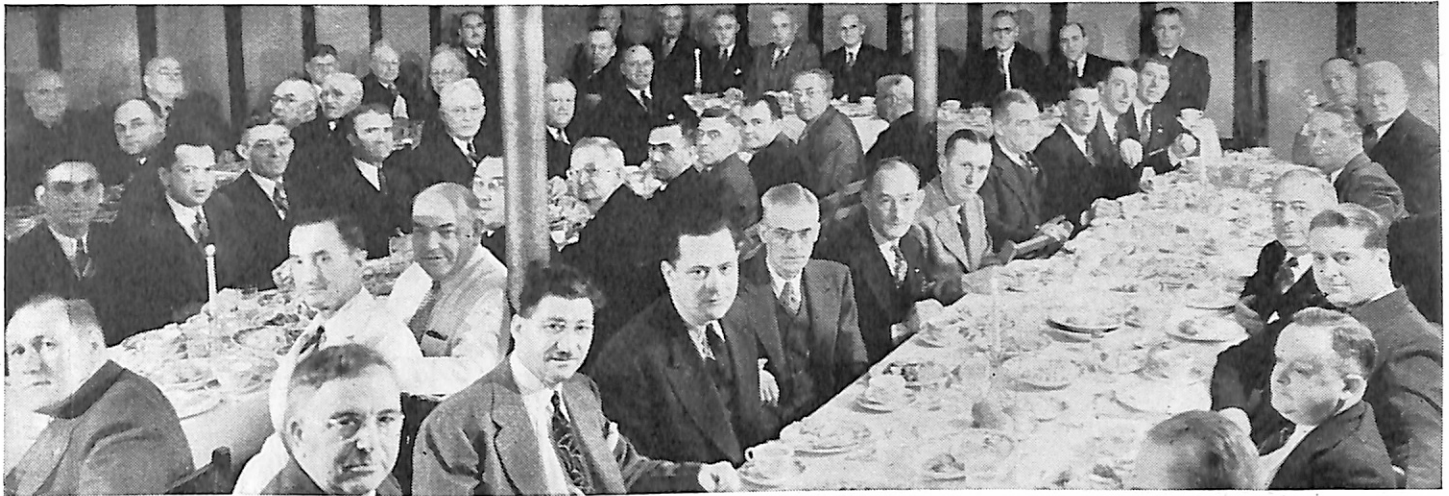
Mr. Armstrong became an Elk in 1893. He was the first Exalted Ruler of Racine Lodge, which was organized in 1898.

Western District Initiation Is Held At North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge

North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860, acted as host to the other 13 lodges of the Western District of New York some weeks ago. This being the occasion of the annual District Initiation, the class initiated at the meeting was, as usual, composed of candidates from all of the lodges in the District. It was designated the Francis H. Marx Class in honor of Dr. Marx, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and a Past Exalted Ruler of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 676. The initiatory degree was exemplified by the crack Degree Team of Oneida Lodge, made up of State troopers of Troop D of Oneida. Splendidly trained and handsomely uniformed, they performed with clock-like precision and made a fine appearance. This beautifully drilled troop was brought to North Tonawanda by their Commander, Captain Stephen M. Grath, Grand Tiler.

Included in the attendance were D.D. Walter P. Coston, Salamanca; State Vice-Pres. Daniel F. Dugan, Albion; State Trustee Martin J. Mulligan, Buffalo; Past State Pres.'s Alonzo L. Waters, Medina, and Dr. Curtis Gano, Rochester; P.D.D.'s E. B. Pratt, Olean, J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda, Francis O'Donnell, Medina, and Albert Kleps, Jr., Batavia, and Past Vice-Pres.'s Frank Hughes, Wellsville, and Roy C. Glawf, North Tonawanda, who was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

Dr. Marx, Capt. McGrath and the troopers were guests at a noon luncheon in the lodge home, and at six-thirty a dinner was served for all who attended the ceremonies.



Greeley, Colo., Elks Initiate Class For Casper, Wyo., Lodge

The officers of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, State ritualistic champions, initiated a class of candidates some weeks ago for Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353. A special bus was chartered to take the Greeley Elks, headed by E.R. D. A. La Torra, to Casper. The party was met at Cheyenne and welcomed to Wyoming and then escorted to the Casper Lodge home where a venison dinner was served.

Among the visitors at the meeting were several officers of the Wyo. State Elks Association and Dr. Harry V. Reeves, a member of Billings, Mont., Lodge, who spoke on the Order. On the return trip E.R. Edward L. Kopp, Jr., of Cheyenne Lodge, No. 660, accompanied the Greeley members to Cheyenne where a stopover was made. The distance covered in the round trip was over 500 miles, involving two days' time. Six members of the Greeley Elks Bowling Team were members of the

Above: A photograph of a dinner given by Waltham, Mass., Lodge in honor of George L. Johnson who is a charter member of the Lodge.

Below: Some of the 350 Wisconsin Elks who attended a dinner celebrating the burning of the mortgage on the Appleton, Wis., Lodge Home.

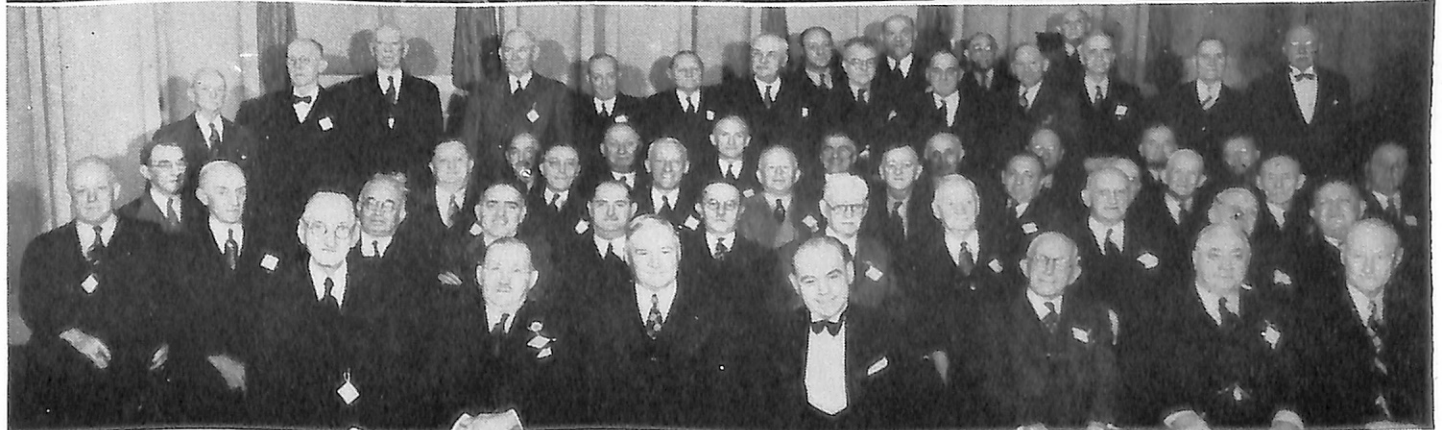
At bottom: Elks who were present at "211's Oldest 211 Night" held by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge. Governor A. Harry Moore is shown seated in the front row, center.

party. A three-day "Streamlined Carnival", with games, dancing and a floor show, was held by Greeley Lodge in February.

Rock Island, Ill., Lodge Celebrates Three Special "Nights" Jointly

Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980, held a joint celebration recently of Charter Members, Old Timers and Past Exalted Rulers Night. Eight of the nine remaining charter members were present. Out of a possible ninety Old Timers more than 75 answered the roll call and about 20 Past Exalted Rulers attended. A banquet was served at 6:30.

P.E.R. Sam Ryerson, Past Pres. of Ill., State Elks Assn., and Past Secretary of the lodge, speaking for the Past Exalted Rulers, traced the lodge's history from its beginning up to the present time. Judge J. W. Heberling, representing the more recent members, made an interesting talk. A vaudeville show was presented. (Continued on page 37)

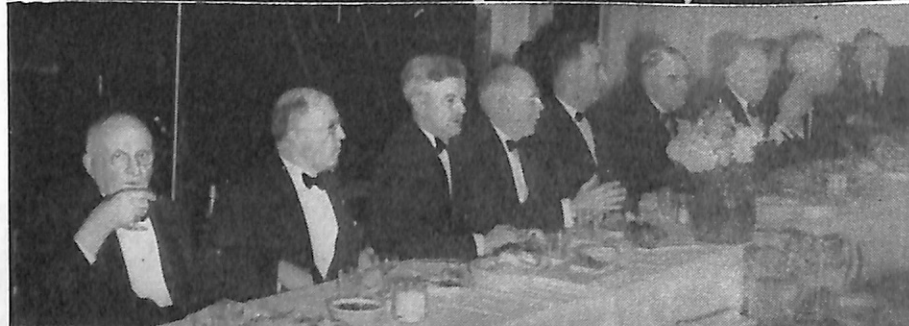


APPROXIMATELY 250 members of the eleven lodges of the Southeast District of Illinois, under the leadership of D.D. L. C. Martin, of Urbana, attended a dinner and initiation ceremony on January 23 held in the Masonic Temple at Mattoon, Ill., in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. Members of Mattoon Lodge No. 495 were hosts. All the lodges in the district were represented. The program included an address of welcome by Mayor E. E. Richardson, a reminiscent talk by P.E.R. Dr. C. B. Voigt, and an inspiring address on Americanism by the Grand Exalted Ruler, which was enthusiastically received. Judge Frank B. Leonard of Champaign, Ill., Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, spoke on the Order. D.D. H. B. Walter, Decatur; Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, Secy., and Fred P. Hill, Danville, Treas., of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; Past State Pres.'s J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, A. W. Jeffreys, Herrin; Special Deputy William M. Frasor, Blue Island, and Frank P. White, Oak Park, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Commission of the State Association, were present. Following the dinner a Degree Team, composed of members of the various lodges, initiated 48 candidates, including eight from Mattoon.

Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, initiated 36 candidates in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler who was present at the meeting and delivered the principal address. Among the guests present were District Deputy A. James Breckenridge, Rockford; P.D.D.'s Otto J. Ellingen and R. N. Crawford, of Mendota, A. J. Holtz, Rockford, and Mr. Frasor. Nearly 400 Elks were in attendance, representing Dixon Lodge and many other lodges in the Illinois Northwest District. Mr. Warner is a Past Exalted Ruler of Dixon Lodge.

On January 25, Kansas City, Mo., No. 26, was host to Grand Exalted Ruler Warner at a luncheon. The large attendance included many industrial and civic leaders of Kansas City and a fine representation of the membership. After the luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Lawrence, Kansas, for an afternoon meeting of Lawrence Lodge No. 595, and then to Topeka, where a lodge meeting was held in the beautiful home of Topeka Lodge No. 204, as reported in last month's issue of the Magazine. Mr. Warner was accompanied on his official visits through Kansas by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Stanley J. Shook, of Topeka, and Grand Esquire George M. McLean, of El Reno, Oklahoma.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

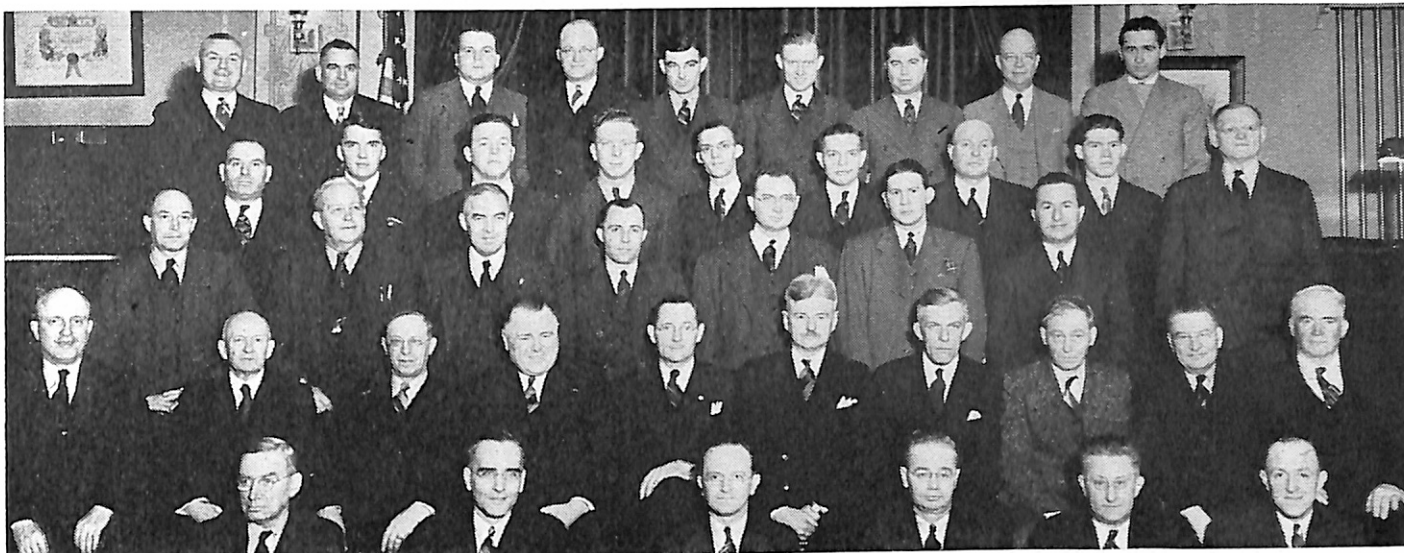


At top: Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner with State Elk officials, Governor Raymond E. Baldwin and U. S. Senator Francis T. Maloney at New Haven, Conn., Lodge.

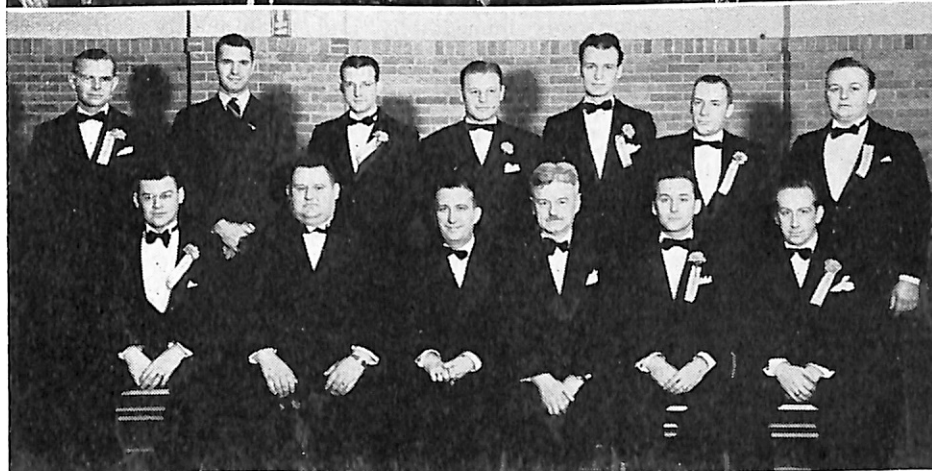
Above: Photographed with Mr. Warner at Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge are Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; John F. Burke, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and Charles F. Mann, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials.

Below: Those present at the dinner given by the officers of Topeka, Kans., Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler during his recent visit to that Lodge





Above: Officers, new members and guests with Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner at Dixon, Ill., Lodge.



Left: A group of Illinois Elks who attended a meeting held at Mattoon, Ill., Lodge in honor of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Warner.

On the following morning, breakfast was served to a gathering of about 100 Elks at Manhattan, Kansas, followed by an enthusiastic meeting at Junction City Lodge No. 1037 and a luncheon-meeting at Salina Lodge No. 718. After the luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, with a State police escort, motored to McPherson and then to Great Bend, where a large class of candidates was initiated into Great Bend Lodge No. 1127, and a dinner honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party was held in the Gold Room of the Zarah Hotel, attended by nearly 150 Elks. From Great Bend the party proceeded on the following morning to McCook, Neb., with an escort which included Judge E. L. Meyer, D.D. for Nebraska,

West; Fred R. Dickson of Kearney, 1st Vice-Pres. of the Neb. State Elks Assn., and State Treas. H. P. Zieg, of Grand Island, Secy. of the Association. E.R. Mervin Breland, of McCook Lodge, acted as Chairman of the meeting which was reported in our last month's issue with the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits to Lincoln and Hastings, Neb.

During his stay in Nebraska, an interesting and unusual fact was called to Mr. Warner's attention. Four sons and a father have been Exalted Rulers

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and a group of Boone, Ia., Elks who greeted Mr. Warner when he visited the Lodge recently.

of Grand Island, Neb., Lodge, No. 604. W. H. Harrison, the father, was Exalted Ruler in 1909, Guy L. Harrison in 1912, Fred L. Harrison in 1915, Ray L. Harrison in 1919, and Reed L. Harrison in 1924. Prior to his Hastings visit the Grand Exalted Ruler went to Fairbury, Neb., to visit Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain.

The dinner-meeting held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh on February 1 by the Elks of Southwestern Pennsylvania, was an outstanding event from both a social and a fraternal standpoint. Nearly 1,500 Elks and their ladies were seated at the banquet tables. Addresses were delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, speaking mainly on Americanism, and by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia. Grand Esquire George M. McLean was one of the honor guests. Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. The banquet was followed by (Continued on page 48)



Trenton, N. J., Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

TRENTON, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, announces that it will respectfully submit the name of Joseph G. Buch, Past Exalted Ruler of Trenton Lodge, as its candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order for the year 1940-41, at the 76th Reunion of the Grand Lodge at Houston, Texas, this coming July.

Trenton Lodge, in regular session assembled, adopted the following Resolution: Whereas Joseph G. Buch is a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, therefore, be it resolved that Trenton Lodge No. 105 whole-heartedly endorses his candidacy for that important office. Joseph Buch was initiated into Trenton Lodge on April 19, 1906. After having served in the other Chairs, he was elected Exalted Ruler for the year 1909-10. In 1916 he was elected Treasurer and has held that office up to the present time. His services to Trenton Lodge as Treasurer for 24 years, as Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee for 18 years, and his advice and counsel on many occasions, have been of inestimable value.

In 1921 Mr. Buch was elected Trustee of the New Jersey State Elks Association. He has held that office ever since with the exception of the year 1922-23 when he served as State President. At the present time he is Chairman of the State Board of Trustees. In 1923 he was elected General Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children's Committee, which office he still holds. In 1918 he was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and in 1919, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. In 1924-25 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. In 1929 he was appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert as Special District Deputy to visit Illinois, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, California, Oregon and the State of Washington to explain the New Jersey plan for crippled children work. Through his visitations many States adopted the plan and are engaged in the work with marked success. In 1937 Mr. Buch was appointed a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge and in February, 1939, he was appointed, by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, to serve as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees to fill the unexpired term of Henry C. Warner, the present Grand Exalted Ruler. At the organization meeting he was chosen Vice-Chairman of the Board. In July, 1939, at the National Convention in St. Louis, he was unanimously elected a member of the Board of Grand Trustees and at the organization meeting was selected as Chairman of the Board.

On October 4, 1926, Mr. Buch was appointed a member of the New Jersey Crippled Children Commission by Governor A. Harry Moore, Past Exalted Ruler of Jersey City Lodge, and at the organization meeting following his appointment was elected Chairman-Director of the Commission. He has been reappointed by succeeding Governors and is still serving as Chairman-Director. In May, 1928, Governor A. Harry Moore appointed Mr. Buch a member of the State Rehabilitation Commission, of which he is still a member, having been reappointed by succeeding governors. In November, 1937, he was appointed a member of the Unemployment Compensation Commission by Governor Harold G. Hoffman. This appointment was immediately and unanimously confirmed by the State Senate. Upon assuming office, Mr. Buch was elected Chairman of the Commission and is still holding this important position. Mr. Buch is a Past President of the New Jersey State Hotel Association. He was elected President in 1925 and was reelected for another term in 1926. He has been Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the New Jersey State Hotel Association for twenty-one years and still holds the office. He is also Chairman of the Protective Committee of the American Hotel Association; First Vice-President of the George Washington Council, Boy Scouts of America; Chairman of the Placement Committee Physically Handicapped Boys and Girls, Trenton Kiwanis; First Past Dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose of Trenton; a member of the Board of Directors of the Chambersburg Trust Company, and a member of the Legislative and Finance Committee, National Society for Crippled Children; a member of the New Jersey Council Advisory Committee, National Youth Administration.

JOSEPH BUCH'S business experience and his devotion to the principles of the Order, plus his untiring efforts and sacrifices in the great humanitarian work of helping cripples to help themselves for the past nineteen years, not only in New Jersey but in many other States throughout the nation, and his activity in all civic movements, have won for him the love and respect of the citizens of his community. In December, 1928, Mr. Buch was awarded the Civic Cup given the most outstanding citizen of Trenton for the year, the presentation being made by former Governor Morgan F. Larson. These, and his many other qualifications, make him especially fitted to fill the important office of Grand Exalted Ruler with honor and credit both to himself and the Order in general.

The Resolution bears the signatures of E.R. William M. N. Gilbert and Secy. Albert E. Dearden.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

CHARLEROI, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge, as a candidate for reelection to the office of Grand Secretary at the Grand Lodge Convention in Houston, Texas, this coming July. Since his election as Grand Secretary in 1927, Mr. Masters has been unanimously reelected at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention. In the continuous administration of his impor-

tant and exacting duties, he has demonstrated his fitness for this high office, and has served the Order with dignity and distinction.

In 1903 J. Edgar Masters became a member of Charleroi Lodge and was elected to the office of Exalted Ruler of that lodge in 1908. Since 1911, when he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, he has served on various other Grand Lodge Committees. Among these committees was the Grand Lodge Committee on

Social and Community Welfare. He was Chairman for three years of the Board of Grand Trustees. From 1923, when his term as Grand Exalted Ruler expired, until he became Grand Secretary, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of his home county of Washington, Pennsylvania, for four years and was President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

P.D.D. Frank A. Moon Dies At Fairbury, Nebraska

P.E.R. Frank A. Moon, of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203, died suddenly on March 4, aged 69 years. Mr. Moon served as District Deputy in 1918-19, and was active in the affairs of the Order throughout his long membership. He was Postmaster at the time of his death, having but recently been appointed to serve a second term.

Mr. Moon had been a resident of Fairbury since 1892. He served as Mayor from 1919 to 1923, as a member of the School Board for several terms, as President of the Rotary Club, and as director of the First National Bank, and had held various other positions of trust. Mr. Moon is survived by his widow and a son, Charles R. Moon, who reside in Fairbury.

Salem, Ore., Lodge Holds Successful Ladies Night

Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336, held its most successful Ladies Night on February 29. This year an Italian dinner was served, with the spaghetti, ravioli and other appropriate viands being prepared by Italian chefs from Portland, Ore. The dinner was preceded by an outstanding musical program presented by a group of Italian artists. More than 400 Elks and guests were present.

A young harpist of the Portland Junior Symphony Orchestra, Miss Gloria Palladini, who is the daughter of J. A. Palladini, a member of Portland Lodge No. 142, captivated the large audience with her selections.

Columbus, O., Elks Continue Welfare Work In Several Departments

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, has been doing welfare work on a large scale for a number of years. The lodge fosters a Food Conservation Department that conserves, and distributes among needy families and charitable institutions, about \$10,000 worth of food each year, and a Toy Department that manufactures about 5,000 toys and distributes them among underprivileged children every Christmas.

At this time of the year, bird houses are being made which are given to those who are interested in preserving the bird life of the nation. All toys and bird houses are made from waste material.

Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small Visits Sturgis, Mich., Lodge

Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, was honored recently by the visit of Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, who made an interesting talk during the evening. Lodge was opened by E.R. A. Monroe Repke, and members of the St. Joseph delegation were introduced. Mr. Repke then turned the meeting over to the visiting officers who, under the able leadership of E.R. Joseph E. Killian, initiated a class of candidates for the host lodge.

One hundred and fifty Elks enjoyed the delicious baked ham dinner served by Chairman E. J. Oppenhamer and members of the House Committee.

(Continued on page 56)

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Let My People Go!

(Continued from page 13)

loudly. Tod's fingers found a stone in the road and he let drive with it, for there was a long feud between himself and Jensen's black-and-tan cur. By daylight and with careful aim he would probably have missed his throw, but now unlucky chance guided his hand and the dog set up a great howling and ran to the house. They heard the scrape and thump of a window opening and Jensen's growling voice called, "Who's there? Who's out there?"

They waited, rigid, through a terrible moment while Jensen listened, and then the window closed and Harriet tugged at Tod's arm and they began to run—stealthily at first, watching anxiously for a gleam of light in the house. None came, but they kept on running, until Tod thought his legs would buckle, and the Negroes behind him were moaning and stumbling.

When at last she paused, Harriet said sternly, "You, Tod! Who told you to throw that stone? Any dog wants stonin', I'm the one to take care of it, you hear? Now, that man back there, he'll remember about it, 'case anybody comes along askin'."

"I'm sorry," the boy said miserably. A great weight lay against his pounding heart in the knowledge that he had earned this woman's displeasure. He felt sick and ashamed. Presently they went on, but the joy of adventure had left Tod. The rutted, rocky road made walking difficult; he was aware of that now, and aware of his growing weariness. He was sleepy, too, and his clothes were clammy and uncomfortable, wet from the exertion of the race past Jensen's farm. He no longer held to Harriet's hand.

She understood his feeling. After a time she said, "Don't feel bad. I know you was meanin' to help. Now tell me, how we goin' to get to Glen Ross? This road run right straight there?"

"Oh, no! Pretty soon we come to the Fingers where the road splits five ways, and we take the second one on the right, and then there's two more turn off, first one and then another, and we take the third one over the ridge. It's pretty hard to find, without you know."

"Yes, sir!" Admiringly. "But you know, don't you, Tod! Mighty fine, to have a—Hush!"

They halted and listened. There were horses trotting on the road behind them. Jensen's dog started barking again.

"Get into the brush," said Harriet. "Hide yourselves, quick!"

The group melted, with what seemed to Tod a hideously loud crashing of branches. The enormous noise angered him; he was furious when a stick broke under his own foot, seeming to fill the world with betraying sound. He kept close to Harriet and lay down beside her in the shelter of a sumach bush.

"Hide your face," she whispered, "so the white don't show. Praise God, they didn't stop at the house where the dog is. They're comin' on!"

INCREDIBLE that the riders should not see them or hear the great pounding of his heart. The sumach bush was pitifully thin, and the stars had become blazing lanterns. What had happened to the darkness, and why had not Harriet gone deeper into the brush? Tod buried his face in the crook of his arm and tried not to breathe. The trotting hooves seemed to be right over him; he was swept by an impulse to leap to his feet and dash away into the darkness, to run and keep on running until he had lost himself forever, and never see another man.

Then they were past. Harriet nudged him and arose and went back

to the road. Tod followed her, his knees sagging under him. He was trembling in every muscle and he had to clench his teeth to keep them from chattering.

The sound of hooves faded and was lost. Harriet called softly, "Come out of your hidin', chil'en. Come quick." And to Tod, "A white horse. You know who rides a white horse in these parts?" But he could not answer. She bent closer to him and laid her hand on his arm. "You scared, Tod? Don't be scared. It's all right. They've gone."

"N-not!" he stammered indignantly. "C-c-cold!"

She chuckled. "Walkin' warm you," she said. "You all here? Sally? William? Come on, then."

But she seemed uneasy, and when they had gone but a few rods she stopped again and questioned Tod about the road, and especially about the Fingers. When he had told her all he could she stood silent for a time, her head back and her eyes closed, as if she were listening.

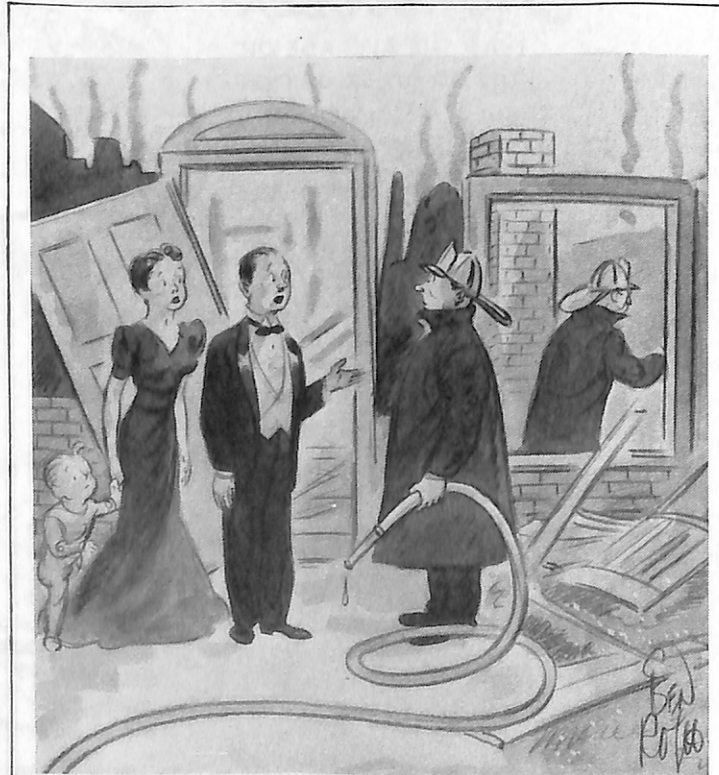
She murmured, "Yes, Lord. I hear. Thank you, Lord." She turned to Tod. "Those Fingers," she said. "They waitin' to grab us. We can't go a-near those Fingers, Tod, 'cause I got a warnin' there's danger there. We got to go around 'em. How?"

"There's a field up ahead," he said uncertainly. "We could go catty-corner across it to the first road. But then there's a hill between it and the second, the Glen Ross road. It's all over brush, the hill, and—I don't know—"

Harriet was sure once more. "That's how it is," she said. "Show me that field, Tod. The fields an' the timber is better than roads for folks like us."

They crossed the stubble field and the first road, and they climbed for an infinite time up a boulder-strewn slope through a tangle of wild grape and berry vines. The bushes lashed Tod's face and hands and tripped his feet, so that he fell three times; his right knee was scraped raw in one of the falls and stung fiercely. Harriet led the way. He fixed his eyes on her shadow flitting before him—sure-footed as a deer, agonizingly swift—and plodded doggedly after her, dully resolved that he would not fall behind or ask her to go more slowly.

By the time they



"We were celebrating the burning of the mortgage—"

reached the second road, on the far side of the hill, he had lost all sense of time and direction. Harriet put her hand on his arm. "Is this it? Is this the Glen Ross road, Tod?"

He said, "I guess so. It—it must be." He looked up the road and down, trying to find something familiar in the line of the hills, the shadowy forest growth. Were they above the Glen Ross turn-off or below it? Everything looked so different at night. Coming over the hill that way, there was no telling where they had entered the road. He couldn't be certain, and yet he had to be certain for the sake of these people. Harriet trusted him not to take them out of their way. Harriet was waiting.

He pointed to the right. "Up that way," he said.

They went on again, hurrying faster than ever now, for the uneasiness had come back to Harriet and she looked often behind her. A white glow in the east grew brighter, and the late moon, a pale, ragged chip, sailed up the sky. Tod was glad of the light but Harriet's worry increased and that added to his own worry. He stared until his eyes ached, and a dozen times his heart leaped with a false hope as some turn of the road or outline of a tree seemed for a moment familiar and friendly.

THEN the road turned and dipped, and on his left hand he saw a dead oak stub, ghostly gray in the moonlight. Instantly the bits of the map which had whirled confusedly in his head fell into their proper places; he could picture clearly the hills and fields and roads of that country, and find his place among them. Relief made his voice loud. "That's it! I found it!"

"Ssh!"

He clapped his hand to his mouth. "I forgot," he whispered. "But nobody lives up here anyway. There's the turn-off. Just up ahead."

But Harriet did not praise him. He added, "We've come 'most half way. There's only about six miles left. Maybe five." Still she only shook her head and muttered. She seemed queerly dissatisfied with the road. The moonlight showed her frown and her pursed lips as she stood at the fork, gazing at the track leading toward the black bulk of the mountain. The frown deepened when she glanced up at the moon. Harriet did not like the road, nor the moon that lit the road however faintly. Tod could sense her dislike and he was sorry for it, but he could offer no help. There was no other way to Glen Ross, except by going clear around past Crider's Mill and that route was a good ten miles longer.

The leader-woman forced the pace cruelly in the ascent of the ridge. She allowed only brief snatches of rest; she led them through shadow wherever possible and at a noisy step or a murmured word her anger flashed instantly against the culprit. Below the summit she halted them while she went on alone, cautious and

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silent. Tod fell in his tracks, like the others, and for a time was conscious of nothing save the ache in his lungs and his throat, and the heavy, thudding beat of his heart. But when he heard Harriet's step in the road he stirred and sat up and watched her coming toward them. She carried her hat in her hand and when she came near Tod she stopped and let the hat fall to the ground and pushed the gray hair back from her ears. She stood so for many moments, hands pressed to her head, listening with every tense fibre of her being. But there was nothing—nothing Tod could hear, save that once a fox barked, somewhere, far off.

The woman dropped her hands and turned to him suddenly. "Tod," she said, "get me off o' this road! There's a danger here somewhere, I know it. Ain't there no other way, Tod? Think hard! Can't we follow the ridge down?"

"No," he said. "It's all over cliffs and things, and trees every which way. Somebody'd get hurt. And besides, we'd make an awful lot of noise, if anybody was out looking."

She sighed. "Trouble," she said unhappily. "My heart says trouble, but it don't tell me where. There's somethin' I can't see. Listen, you all. We're goin' on. Keep close. Step easy an' swift, an' say nothin', an' keep on doin' like I tell you."

THE ascent had been along the flank of the mountain, but beyond the ridge the road dipped into a gorge, a crooked fold in the hills growing ever narrower and deeper until it opened abruptly on the level valley called Glen Ross. On the downgrade Harriet lengthened her stride until Tod had to fall into a jog-trot to keep up. A spring welled from beneath a rock, and they stopped to drink; but Harriet stood over them and would let them do no more than moisten their throats. A stream from the spring ran beside the road and was fed from other springs, until the noise of running water covered the sound of their hurrying feet and Harriet led them faster still. She had not forgotten caution, but caution was overshadowed now by her eagerness to escape from this gorge, from the black pocket into which they descended.

Almost imperceptibly the grade lessened, until they were walking on level ground, the road winding along the edge of the stream beneath a tunnel of leafless elms and maples. Tod's heart lifted, knowing that they were near the end of their journey. He peered

ahead through the black criss-cross of bare branches, seeking a glimpse of the great rock spire guarding the narrow entrance to the gorge. That rock was visible from Doctor McEwer's house. Once past it, the way was clear.

At last he saw it, not a hundred yards ahead, and pointed it out gleefully to Harriet. But she, amazingly, grew suddenly alarmed and wary at the sight, and made Tod and the others hide themselves among the boulders above the road while she went on before them. They waited for what seemed a very long time, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, for here even the stream flowed silently. Then a fox barked, down near the great rock, and Tod thought he heard a murmur like a man's voice, and another sound that might have been the stamp of a hoof. After another time of waiting, a pattern of moon shadows under the branches blurred and dissolved and Harriet was beside him again.

"Tod," she breathed, "who you know rides a white horse?"

She had asked him that before, but he had not answered. Of course, there were many white horses but—"The constable," he said. "Cliff Johnston. Why?"

"There's a white horse an' another horse, tied down yonder in some fir trees past the rock." She seemed no longer excited or anxious, but quite calm, satisfied even, as one who has found the answer to a puzzling question. "An' there's two men waitin' beside that rock, waitin' for us to come steppin' out free an' careless, now we come this far. Come daylight, they're bound to see our tracks in the road where we walked. But don't you fret"—as Tod looked up wildly

at the sheer hills overhanging the gorge—"we're goin' to fool those men, you an' me, with a scheme I got. Tod, did you ever play Injun?"

HARRIET handed him the heavy birch switch she had cut and trimmed, and gave him the knife she had used. She watched from the roadway while the boy climbed carefully down the low bank to the stream-bed, at the point she had indicated. Under the bank was a long strip of shingle, as she had said, and on the bank at the lower end of the shingle he could see the black bulk of the fir trees where the horses were tied. He could not see the horses, but he knew they were there; Harriet had said so. Where he stood, the bank was higher than his head, but midway of the shingle it dipped almost to the level of the water. There teamsters could drive their horses right down to the stream to drink. The dip, unfortunately, was just opposite the rock where the men were hidden. Passing that watering-place was the ticklish part, for there he would be in full sight of the men by the rock—if their eyes happened to turn that way.

He tucked the switch under his arm and felt his pocket to be sure the knife was there, and turned and raised his hand to Harriet to show he was ready. She answered the gesture and turned away, walking toward the big rock. She trod carelessly now; he could hear her footsteps plainly. Left alone, poised tensely awaiting the challenge that would be his signal, Tod began to be afraid. But before the fear had time to form, the challenge sounded, followed instantly by Harriet's yell of apparent terror; and he was racing down the shingle, praying that Harriet's voice raised in clamorous, wordy fear would keep the men from hearing the awful crunching his feet made in the coarse sand.

As the protecting bank became lower, his heart failed him, and he stopped short of the dip and raised his head cautiously above the embankment. He saw Harriet and the two men—saw them with appalling clarity, in the roadway not thirty feet from him. The smaller man he recognized as the constable. The men had their backs partly turned; their attention was fixed on Harriet who gibbered and cringed before them like a stupid old country woman scared out of her few wits by the sudden appearance of the two white men. They were trying to calm her, their voices tense with anger, but she only chattered the louder, in broadest



dialect, pleading with the constable—whom she called by name as one acquainted with the district—to let her pass.

In the torrent of her speech one phrase stood out. "Le' me git on by. Please, mistuh, le' me *git on by!*" The words, Tod realized suddenly, were meant for him. He crouched low and held his breath and scuttled crab-like past the gap. Behind him Harriet wailed, "Glory, glory, oh, Lawd-a-muhcy, save me!" One of the men cried out fiercely, "You crazy old fool, will you shut up!" and there was the sound of a blow and Harriet howled dismally. But by then Tod had reached the bank under the fir trees and was fumbling for a handhold among the projecting roots.

ABOVE all, Harriet had warned him not to scare the horses as he approached them, lest the men grow suspicious and the plan be spoiled. He worked his way carefully through the thick gloom under the trees. He saw the white horse almost at once, but the other, darker in color, was invisible until he had almost reached them. The horses snorted and stepped about nervously, and he whispered to them and hummed soothingly in his throat and made his hands steady and slow to move. So they suffered him to take hold of the reins by which they were tied.


Beyond the horses, perhaps five rods distant, the woman and the two men were visible. They had moved into the shadow of the rock now. There was, Tod decided, sufficient space for the horses to pass before the men could run to head them off. The constable and his companion were questioning Harriet, evidently following some hint of hers that she had met other wayfarers that night. She seemed not only stupid but deaf as well. They had to speak loudly to her and she answered in the same tone and her answers were vague and bewildering.

This Tod heard with part of his mind; his immediate attention was on his own problem. He worked the horses around to stand tail to the gorge so that when they whirled away from him they would find themselves facing the road home. He was reluctant to cut the reins; it would be better, he thought, to weaken the leather by scraping, until a strong pull would break it. Then the loosing of the horses might appear accidental. But he had no time for such refinements. The horses felt the tension in him, and the fear. They were already wild as hawks, poised on a hair-trigger, wanting only a whisper to start them.

He sawed hard with his knife against the reins, and at the sudden movement the horses pulled back, tossing their heads and snorting with fear. The taut leather parted. In-

stantly Tod leaped at the animals, lashing them with his birch whip as hard as he could, two biting strokes, while from his throat came the shrill, unearthly cry of a screech-owl. They plunged and whirled in a frenzy, and their hooves beat a frantic roll as they fled through the moonlit clearing toward the gorge. Tod heard the men shouting and Harriet's loud scream. He threw himself on his face and crawled belly-down into the warm, comforting darkness of the fir trees.

THE McEwer kitchen was rich with the smell of coffee and frying ham, and full of admiring young McEwers all anxious to help the travelers to food and dry clothing. Doctor McEwer had bushy white whiskers and a big, booming laugh. He called Tod's skinned knee an honorable wound and applied salve and bandages to it, and he roared with laughter when they told him how the stampeded horses had raced up the gorge—urged on by a shower of rocks as they passed the hiding-place of the Negroes—with the two men in hot and quarrelsome pursuit. For one of them had wanted to stay and hunt for Harriet who had disappeared suddenly in the confusion of that first rush. But the constable, Cliff Johnston, had insisted that they try to catch the horses; for once the animals settled to the road, he said, they would go on until they reached their stable. Johnston was full of



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fury, disgusted with the whole affair; he announced profanely that hereafter when the other wanted to hunt blackbirds by night he could do so without constabulary aid. So they departed, speaking angry words.

Thus in the telling a golden aura began to form over the night's adventure, blurring Tod's memory of the cold and the weariness and the awful continuing dread, and the moments of white, heart-shaking terror. He had done well. Doctor McEwer said so, and his father and mother would say so, too, when they heard. The thing had come off well. The Negroes had reached relative safety and now would go on to the absolute safety of Canada, riding comfortably in wagons—secretly at first, hidden under straw, but later

more openly, until in New York they would take the railroad.

All this was cause for rejoicing. He could not understand why Harriet alone seemed not happy but downcast, and more restless than ever. Nor could he understand why, when Doctor McEwer shook him awake and led him out to the carriage, Harriet came with them and climbed into the curtained seat beside him. He stared at her owlishly.

"Listen," he said. "You don't want to go with us, Moses. We're going back to my house."

"I know. That's where my boy is."

"Your boy?" Luke, with the bullet in his shoulder. He had almost forgotten Luke. "You mean he's your son?"

"Yes."

"Oh. And then you're going north with him and the rest of them—up north to New York?"

"No, Tod. I ain't ever goin' north, I expect. Not while my people need me." She put her arm over his shoulder. "Lay your head in my lap now, child, and go to sleep." Doctor McEwer had finished fastening the curtains. The carriage shook under his weight as he climbed to his seat. The carriage started moving—back to the south, toward the Maryland border, toward the slave states. The woman's hand smoothed Tod's forehead and her voice was deep and soothing, like a lullaby.

"You remember about Moses, Tod," she said. "He never entered the Promised Land himself. He just came up to the edge an' peeked over."

Benefit Game

(Continued from page 7)

cot, maybe, or a bat boy. "It's a wonder," Danny Simms had said, "that we ain't all wearing clown suits." Mrs. Rowdy watched.

Hal Rogers put in an oar. "We shoulda asked you about it first," he said, "but you know how these things are worked up. This afternoon is the first I heard of it myself."

But Rowdy only held the ball up for Bagley to see, and the big man shrugged and looked away. Rowdy's face was gaunt, but a spark flickered suddenly in his gray eyes, and sweat from the warm-up stood out on his forehead. "Ever hear of a man getting hit by a pitched ball?" he asked. "Maybe you read in the papers about a man getting killed." He said that in a dead, quiet voice, but Mrs. Rowdy heard it, and she wanted to cry out for him to stop. "You guys want me to kill some ten-year-old kid?"

Little Miller said, "This kid is fourteen."

One minute to go. . . .

And Mrs. Rowdy waited. The Seals went cracking through the last of their fielding practice and the No. 1 umpire, down by the plate, was thumbing the straps of his chest-protector and looking over toward the Padres and this argument. Mrs. Rowdy waited. The band and the mob and the noise in the stands made a blurring background.

"Hey! Back to Sioux City!"

Then Mrs. Rowdy caught the big fellow's eye—it was like giving him a signal, and she knew that he got it. "Back to Sioux City!" the wise-guy in the stands was yelling. And the signal told Big Rowdy that Sioux City would be all right. Sioux City, and the short fence in the right, and the left-hand hitters breaking their backs to lob one over it into the river . . . Sioux City, or Shreveport, or back to Decatur, or back to pitching \$20 ball games in the fair grounds.

Big Rowdy nodded toward Box R.

"The club agreed to the stunt, of course," Bagley said. "But if that don't bind you, I have no authority . . ." He was hard and quiet about it. Hal Rogers was trying to patch things up. Then little Miller was touching Rowdy's arm.

"Here's the kid they got."

And Mrs. Rowdy had already caught a queer change in the noise from the stands. There had been a ripple of handclapping, and a kind of cheering. Then people went on clapping, but the cheering died out of the noise. This fourteen-year-old kid was at the groundkeeper's gate, three feet from Box R. . . . In place of the cheering there was a pitying sound in the mob, like hundreds of people saying, "Oh," under their breath, and under cover of the handclapping.

Big Rowdy was all right. If he wanted to walk off the field now—if he wanted to walk back to the lockers, jerk off his uniform and throw it in the laundry bag, he was all right. Mrs. Rowdy knew that he felt right. Back to Sioux City, or wherever . . .

She looked at this kid.

THE doctor opened the gate. People went on clapping in the stands and Mrs. Rowdy caught one look at the wide grin on the boy's face when he walked out onto the field. They had a uniform on him, bat-boy size, cap and all. The kid was not very big for a fourteen-year-old, but he had good shoulders and he did not drag or limp when he walked. He walked carefully. The mob recognized that careful way of walking, and then the cheering had sighed away, but people kept on clapping to make the kid feel good. And he did feel good. He took these careful steps onto the field, with all the ball-players turning to look at him. The doctor followed behind him, and Mrs. Rowdy saw the kid's long left wrist and the bat in his left hand.

So they were putting this one more spot of pressure on Rowdy Baker. Sob stuff. Dragging a crippled kid into it from that crowd in the center section. They wanted to put this kid up at the plate and have Rowdy Baker pitch a ball past him.

" . . . on account," Danny Simms was telling the doctor, "he figures it might be dangerous. So maybe . . ."

The doc was a thin, middle-aged man. He had thick glasses on and his haircut was not very good. But he looked up at Rowdy while Danny was explaining the objections. "That's right—I see," the doc said. "Surely." Looking up at Rowdy, the doc had a smile that might have belonged to some nearsighted kid who was never able to play very much baseball himself. "Whatever you say, then," he told Rowdy. He had an arm over the shoulder of the kid in uniform.

"Only I wanted to explain about Harry Tucker, here," the doctor said. "Harry's legs are all right—not good yet, not strong, but they'll do the business. The rest of him is sound as a dollar. Otherwise," he said, "I never would have okayed it." When the doc smiled, Mrs. Rowdy forgot about Bagley, and Danny Simms, and the rest. "They tell me," he said, "that Harry was a good little ball-player before the bugs got him." Mrs. Rowdy saw Big Rowdy looking down at the kid, but she could not see Harry Tucker's face.

Then the bell rang again. The crowd's noise had this uncertain sound in it, with not much yelling when the Seals charged off the field for their dugout. The kids in the center section were shrilling their loudest for Harry Tucker. The band started to play.

Harry Tucker's bat was a fifty-cent playground bat, and he had wound the handle with black tire-tape, new and sticky.

"Shake hands with Big Rowdy Baker," the doc said. "Of the New York Yankees!"

The mike was being lowered behind home plate, and the ump was giving Danny Simms the sign to get his team on the field. Bagley had started for the mike, being head of the benefit committee.

A cameraman crouched over his Graflex, trying to wave the Padre ball-players away so he could get a shot of the handshake.

Mrs. Rowdy Baker stood up.

That kid with the playground bat, and the wide grin on his face, and his careful way of walking—that kid could break your heart, like the rest of them. But Mrs. Rowdy could take that kind of heartbreak if she had to—if a Big Shot Bagley forced her to, peddling sob stuff to a mob. When she stood up she could see the way Harry Tucker still grinned, shaking hands with Big Rowdy, but not able to say anything. What Mrs. Rowdy Baker could not take, though, was the heartbreak of watching Big Rowdy taking a beating that nobody else could understand. Big Rowdy with all the fire gone out of him—Rowdy going careful, gray in the face, dreading that sixty-foot path to the plate, and every ball that he threw toward a batter. And now this fear of heartbreak tightened, in the noise of the game's beginning, and she wanted to do what she had never done before: she wanted to call out to him . . . warn him. She stood up.

And then, without clearly believing it, she heard what Rowdy said to this boy.

"You want me to throw you a couple, hey?" Rowdy asked.

Harry Tucker nodded his head for Yes.

THE other men were staring at Rowdy, then—Danny Simms, Bagley, little Miller and the rest. But Rowdy said, "Watch yourself, kid!" He said it to Harry Tucker, looking down at him and giving him that sudden grin that was partly a scowl. "Watch yourself, kid!" he said.

Rowdy walked out to the mound.

And Mrs. Rowdy stood still at the rail of Box R, forgetting her scorekeeper's book on the floor, and her two pencils, and her bag. Forgetting to hate Bagley while he took his bow at the mike. "This benefit game today . . . little guests of these two great Coast League clubs . . ." The loudspeaker made further squawking sounds . . . "Batt'ries for today's game!" Mrs. Rowdy stood there and watched Big Rowdy signal the first of his practice pitches to Hank Stigler.

Noise roared up from the stands and the bleachers, and Mrs. Rowdy, watching the mound, heard a strange note in the noise.

Rowdy nodded at the catcher, and half smiled. He shook off Stigler's query. He nodded again and leaned easily into his windup. Harry Tucker was walking toward the plate, making those careful steps, and the umpire was beckoning him to the microphone . . .

Rowdy took a slow windup, lifted his hands and hitched his leg.

Not out loud, Mrs. Rowdy said, "Please . . ." Like praying.

The big fellow stepped into the stride and then, instead of whipping his arm over into the throw, he swung it out of the slow windup into the sweep of his underhand fast one. And Harry Tucker, the crippled kid, turned away from the build-up the ump was giving him, and watched that speed ball smoke across the plate. He laughed. He was delighted.

And the uproar was not cheering, and it was not booing, but it had the noise of both of them in it. The crowd hated something that was going on. The crowd was excited about it, too. The roar had rumbling and yelling in it, and panic. It went on, mixed up, going higher when Rowdy finished another practice throw, and hushing away when he wound up for the next one.

Stigler made the throw to second and the noise went on.

The ump yelled, "Play ball!"

So the crippled kid stepped into the batter's box.

Then those other kids back of the screen waved their arms—those who could—and they gave him this thin cheering of theirs, and young Harry Tucker pumped his playground bat and edged in to the plate.

Rowdy Baker looked the kid over.

Mrs. Rowdy saw the beginning of his grinning scowl, saw him nod at Stigler. She saw the scowl tighten. She saw him lean into that slow windup . . . Fear chilled her lips, and it was worse than she had known that fear could be.

And Big Rowdy whipped his first pitch out underhand—breezed it over. Not exactly all of the fast one, but plenty. It was a strike. Harry Tucker took a cut at it, too. Not a good cut. Not even the best he could do. The kid caught himself on those bum legs of his and this mixed-up noise roared out over the park. There were boos in it now. They stood out. And over by the Seals' dugout, some of the San Francisco boys began yelling at Rowdy. Yelling names at him.

Rowdy, half smiling again, held his eye on the plate.

THEN, suddenly, Mrs. Rowdy saw. Big Rowdy must have seen it from the first—from the moment by the dugout when Harry Tucker stuck out his paw for the handshake. This crippled kid, Harry Tucker, was not afraid. He might have been afraid of his bum legs, but he was not afraid of Rowdy Baker. He was not afraid of any pitching scowl, and he was not afraid of any submarine fireball, and he was not afraid of any pitcher in the world. All that Harry Tucker had on his mind was to crack that old apple with his fifty-cent playground bat and give it a ride. Mrs. Rowdy saw it now, and in a moment others began to see it, out in the mob.

Thunder hammered at the stands.



The umpire told this kid something, motioned to him—

The ump was telling Harry Tucker to move back a bit. This crippled kid was crowding the plate! Big Rowdy half smiled, looking down that raw path to the batter's box, and the mob's thunder took on the roaring sound of a wind rising. With Rowdy Baker on the hill and his fast ball working, this crippled kid was crowding the plate!

Rowdy wound up again.

The roaring sighed away. This gaunt, rawboned man on the mound had learned a trade, and all the steady tricks of the trade. He had learned them the hard way and they were maybe good enough for all but the tightest clutches and the heat of the big-time. Even when a night fear haunted him in hot sunlight, stalking that sixty-foot path to the plate, he followed his trade. And now, with a spectre suddenly gone, he used all that hard skill, gently, easily, guiding a miracle.

The roaring sighed into a hush, and the mob watched him.

He had the range, he had the ball under control, and he swung the next pitch down the groove. He pitched it underhand again and he swung it down the groove, and he threw that ball the way a great artist would lay in a stroke of the brush. He timed the windup and the pitch and the ball, and he timed them by that first cut that the crippled kid had taken. He timed them so that if the kid took one more cut, just a little better cut, he would hit the ball.

Harry Tucker did take one more cut.

He did hit it.

The grandstand's thunder boomed up through the park and Harry Tucker's hit went bobbling out toward the box.

Harry Tucker started running.

He remembered to let go of the bat and he took off. At first he caught himself, nearly falling off the

path. But he saw Rowdy Baker come down the infield fast with a stab at the bobbling ball, and he saw Rowdy miss it. He saw that, and he went into high.

Rowdy stabbed and missed, and he had to turn back toward the slab to retrieve the ball. He got it, juggled it just once. Then young Harry Tucker was really bearing down, and Rowdy timed him just right. The kid almost reached the sack, and Rowdy fired the ball at Stan Bartel. He fired it almost at Stan . . .

What he did was blaze the ball a little to Stan's right, just enough to pull him off the sack, and just enough so that he could not reach a glove to it. And a hell of a lot too hot to handle with a bare hand.

The throw caromed like a bullet off the low wire in front of the right-field bleachers. The crippled kid turned for second.

BY now the noise was nothing that any man in the mob could hear—the air was made of it. The kid turned for second and Marty Kessler came zigzagging in to short right field, snatched the ball out of the grass, got set and gave it a heave. Kessler was not clowning. He made it look good. He gave it a heave that carried over second base, but too far over toward outfield for the short-stop—it went over Weiss' head, and just out of Lefty Kellar's reach.

So then the ball was where young Harry Tucker could see it again. He touched second, swung wide, and Lefty Kellar sidestepped out of his way. It was beginning to be hard going for the crippled kid. Only now he was not exactly a cripple. Not a cripple at all.

The kid was really running.

Rounding third, Harry Tucker was dead tired, and that come-to-glory grin on his face was white in the sun, but he was not crippled. The mob's thunder pounded at him, and a Coast League ball club made an-

other wild play for him. He pounded down the path home and those legs of his were doing the business for him. He was not afraid of them any more. He was running . . .

He crossed the plate, taking one big stride at the last, and he touched his cap when he did it.

Fifty ball-players, coaches, trainers and groundkeepers crowded in on him then, and two umpires, and a doctor with nearsighted glasses and a seedy haircut. He had the stands roaring wild for another twenty minutes. He had Big Shot Bagley blubbing at him and pumping his hand, and he had the mob in the grandstand pitching silver and bills at everybody that passed the hat for the crippled kids. And the kid had the feel of this run in his legs—the feel of running, and not being afraid any more.

Mrs. Rowdy Baker stood at the rail of Box R, looking toward the mound—as near to Big Rowdy as she could get. But she could not see him. The ball park had a golden glitter to it, and she could not see much of anything.

And even after the real game began, Mrs. Rowdy shed some tears at intervals. They did the powder-blue outfit no good, and a box on the third-base line was an odd place for a cry, but she could not help it. She was not afraid any more, either. Big Rowdy was pitching. He was looking them over with that grinning scowl of his, and he was blazing the underhand fast one in when he needed it.

Rowdy Baker was pitching again, throwing the fast one over and mowing them down. Giving the mob and the girl in Box R and that kid with his fifty-cent ball bat a look at Big Rowdy Baker of the Yanks. One look. Because the wires would be busy that night and he'd be going back to the big-time, after a game like this. After this one game, it might be . . . this game.

Dead for a Dime

(Continued from page 17)

is employed, though, all pulp-writers quickly adhere to one rigid rule: they never re-read or rewrite a story once it is finished. The sensitive souls confess the stomach of mortal man is not constructed to stand more than one dose of the awful tripe, and anyway, polishing a story takes time. And a minimum of time expended on a story is the same as money in the bank.

The work of rewriting and checking a story for authenticity and possible contradictions falls upon the author's secretary, if any, and the editor. A bright girl who knows the racket is a very jewel of an asset to a pulp-writer. She must catch faulty sentence construction, keep names straight, know whether the boss

meant to have the villain brandish a revolver, as on Page 2, or a shotgun, as on Page 11, and check the batting order of a baseball team which always wins the game in the ninth inning with two out.

A good gal Friday cannot afford to be a humanitarian, either. Norvell W. Page had an experience with a secretary which was rather typical. Literature Page is the gent who has been writing "The Spider", a 40,000-word novel, practically every month for more than three years. (In passing, it might be mentioned that Mr. Page gets \$600 a month for his opus, has a black goatee and is so wrapped up in his work that he is beginning to look like the Spider himself.) He had one of these perfect secretaries

who had absorbed his style and vocabulary so well that she probably could have written "The Spider" herself, without losing her sanity or the magazine's deadline.

One day, as it must to all girls, love entered the young lady's heart and she upped and got married. Page was at loose ends and tried to replace his right hand without much success. Finally, he found a girl who seemed to be eminently qualified for the job. The first day she took Page's high-powered, blood-bespattered dictation she blanched. The second day she turned slightly green around the gills. The third day she reported for work looking like the wreck of something left in the back alley overnight. She also had her resignation

clutched convulsively in her fist. "I can't stand this any longer!" she screamed. "You kill thousands of people a day. You're a menace to society. You're inhuman. My conscience won't let me be a party to these wholesale murders!"

If the author is not affluent enough to afford the luxury of a secretary, the mop-up is done by the over-worked editor. This combination of author-secretary-editor would seem to be a pretty haphazard arrangement loaded with all sorts of possibilities for errors and loopholes, but it achieves tight, authentic results. This is proved by the curious fact that the several occupational classes gobble up those yarns which deal with their every-day experiences and shop-talk. Ranch-houses in the West are knee-deep in pulps dedicated to cowboys; ball players solemnly read of wondrous curve balls born in a New York flat; railroad men and communications workers are intrigued by fiction built around their jobs. The one exception is that sailors turn thumbs down on sea stories. Several magazines in this field have flopped badly and there is such a strong superstition in the pulps that the sea is a jinx that editors are reluctant to use illustrations of boats on their covers.

Writing for pulps is the least distinguished and poorest paying branch of literature (*sic*) but authors and editors insist it is by no means the easiest, and there's a lot in what they say. The quality of writing strikes a low level, perhaps, yet the blood-and-thunder stories often are better constructed than the yarns spun in the slicks.

A good deal of ingenuity is required for a pulp story because the narrative cannot be cluttered up with descriptive passages or psychological character analysis—the theme of much artistic writing. Pulp readers are interested in what the hero *does*, not what he *thinks*. For this reason the pace of the story must be fast and furious and the plot must be compact, if not convincing. Characterizations, too, must be readily recognizable by the readers; the hero must be in the groove of all other heroes and the villain must perpetrate his nefarious deeds in traditional fashion. The story, in short, is the thing, and for this reason the pulps are not nearly as guilty as the slicks of buying "names" to dress up the magazine.

All pulp writers break into the business in much the same fashion. They all have delusions of grandeur and decide to debase temporarily their "art" for a few ready dollars. The pulps offer a ready market and tyros are told they can acquire three valuable assets from the "dime dreadfuls": a sense of story construction, facility and a knowledge of the public's taste. The successful pulp practitioner does learn those elements of the writing business, but the method of working which goes

with them usually ruins the author for anything but the pulps.

The slap-dash, once-over-lightly production system the pulper must employ to earn enough money is not conducive to crashing the slick-paper gold coast. Hardly a month passes in which the pulps do not present a score, at least, of good story ideas which, if handled with more care and introspection, would make first-rate slick and movie material, but superficial treatment bars them from a better market.

In spite of this handicap pulps have been the first to launch the careers of many big-name authors. At least two Pulitzer Prize winners, Sinclair Lewis and T. S. Stribling, were old pulp boys. An incomplete list also would include Dashiell Hammet, Max Brand, Erle Stanley Gardner, Ernest Haycock, Alan LeMay, Fred Nebel, Leslie T. White, Arthur Train, Tiffany Thayer, Arthur Tuckerman, James M. Cain, Orson Welles, David Garth, Warwick Deeping and the late Oscar Graeve, who was fiction editor of *Liberty* and former editor of *Delineator*. Despite this distinguished array of talent, however, the general rule seems to hold that once a pulper, always a pulper.

After three or four years of dashing off stuff without bothering to nurture the original idea, it's practically impossible to break the habit. The security of a steady, albeit starvation, income from the pulps deters a man from spending a month on a story which may click for a thousand dollars and which may, of course, turn out to be an awful turkey. Pulp writers are reluctant to gamble, for they don't eat if they don't sell and only a few ever get far enough ahead of the game to take time off to shoot for the moon.

VIEWED from any angle, the pulps are an industry predicated upon the common industrial characteristic—mass production. Authors must produce material in wholesale lots to get by. The slicks can put out an elaborate thick magazine for a nickel because advertising revenue pays the freight, but the pulps are almost entirely dependent on circulation. And newsstand circulation, at that; large subscription lists are unknown. It is estimated that a pulp must sell 70,000 magazines at ten cents a copy to break even. *The New Yorker* made a small fortune from a smaller circulation because it carried the expensive "class" advertising which is denied the pulps.

To compensate for their loss of prestige, pulp writers usually throw up a defense mechanism, the manifestations of which are a fine, free-wheeling contempt for the intellectuals who work for the slicks and an avowed attachment for the man in the street. A pulp author will explain far into the night that his work is significant because he is writing for the masses and exerting an influence upon the thought of more people than the slick writer. He will sneer in-

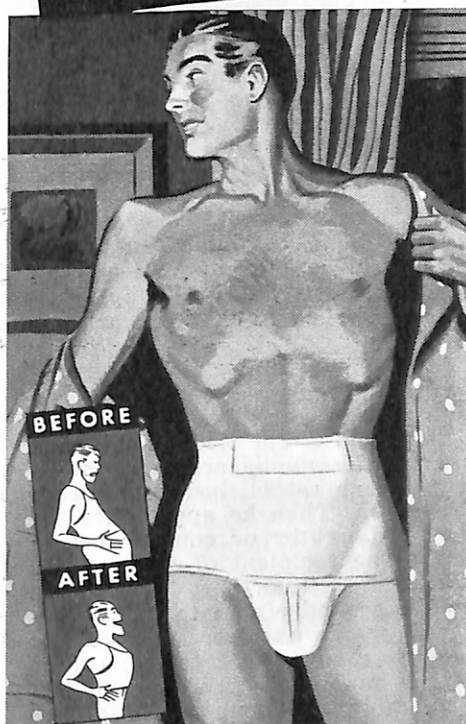
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delicately at the long-haired boys, on the ground that they are nothing but dilettantes, but don't let him fool you. Any pulp writer would give his eye-teeth or his filing cabinet to hit the slicks regularly.

Since it is impossible to grind out the stuff and remain unaffected by the stirring tales of derring-do, most pulp writers become as uninhibited as their heroes. The man who does whodunits (mysteries and detectives) imagines danger lurks in every door-way as he walks down the street. Authors tend to identify themselves with their characters, as in the classic case of Joel Rogers, a writer of tough detective fiction, who walked into Fiction House, to which firm he sold regularly, and invited any so-and-so to take a pop-shot at his exposed chin. Everybody declined with thanks except Jack Byrne—who was recently the fiction editor of the Munsey publications. Byrne considered Rogers' invitation and then wound up from the floor and let him have it. A lovely brawl was in brisk progress until the belligerents decided they needed a drink to carry on. They walked out of the wrecked office arm in arm and, in the inimitable style of the pulps, they have been true and tried friends ever since.

The need for material is so pressing that several firms have been issuing what is known to the trade as "reprints". The trick is this: An enterprising publisher waits ghoulishly for an established pulp author to pass on. Then he approaches the widow, daughter or country cousin who is the recipient of the author's estate, and offers, say, fifty dollars for the *second* rights to all the deceased man's stories. The gullible yokel fairly snaps at the chance to get his hands on a few extra dollars—and the publisher becomes the less than proud possessor of some hundreds of stories which he can print

again. Quick as the proverbial flash, he proceeds to put out a magazine which costs him a lot less than it does his more idealistic competitors. As you can see, this makes practically everybody furious.

AT a recent meeting of the publishers, editors and authors in New York, the question of reprints was argued to a deadlock. It was found that one of the largest and best established firms was the dubious father of seven reprint magazines which were so lucrative that the unscrupulous rascals wouldn't listen to their snow-white colleagues—and refused to give them up. The meeting broke up hurriedly before anyone pulled a gun.

The upshot was this. Another large firm, working on the theory that the colorful and bloodthirsty covers were the only things that sold the blankety-blank magazines anyway, decided to buy only stories from the "slush pile" for sums ranging anywhere from \$3.50 up to the staggering price of \$25.00.

Now, "slush pile" is an editor's quaint designation for the endless stream of unsolicited manuscripts every magazine, be it pulp or slick, always receives. We have said that, however slap-dash it is, pulp writing requires a definite style and technique. We leave it to *your* imagination what the rank amateur would do when given a free rein—our imagination is overtaxed now.

Up to now, as you can readily see if you're one of those people who draw their own conclusions, the pulp editors and not the pulp readers have dictated the policies of the various magazines—the reason being that the bulk of pulp readers either can't write, or are understandably backward about admitting they *are* pulp readers. So, say the publishers, maybe our standards are too high. Maybe old John Public (whoever he is)

will bite on *anything*. The only way to find out is to try him. The particular firm we're talking about is waiting with bated breath and with their collective fingers tightly crossed to hear whether their new magazines will make as much money as the old ones. If they do, the lid is off. There is no telling what will happen. We find the prospect almost too dreary to contemplate. As usual, the only persons who will be really mad are the struggling authors.

The current wars in Europe have dealt the business a staggering blow. All newsstand returns were sold to England and Australia at a flat rate. It was quite a lucrative little piece of business. And then England took a backhanded slap at the whole thing. She passed a law ruling out import of all non-necessity products. The pulps screamed for the Marquis of Queensbury.

At the start of the last war the same thing happened—and then there was an immediate boom. With the help of the Almighty and the slush pile the publishers figure the same thing will happen again. So they have decided to ignore the wars completely. Most magazines dealing with war were immediately killed. The publishers figure that maybe if they don't speak to it, it will go away. Well, maybe it will. Their guess is at least as good as yours.

Psychologists, basing their opinion on the magazines themselves, feel that pulp readers are motivated by frustrations and an escapist complex. The pulp offers a flight from reality and it seems that most of the readers do strike out ultimately under their own power, for the pulp audience, according to the news dealers, constantly changes. People just seem to grow out of them like Topsy. That is the grimmest twist of the entire story. Everybody escapes from the pulps but the men who write for them.

Lucky Ducks

(Continued from page 9)

of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. These were the provinces which became the bread-basket of the British Empire during the War, and eighteen million acres of marshes, the breeding grounds of the ducks, were drained for wheat-raising. Florida never witnessed the frantic fever for land which gripped Canadian farmers as wheat prices soared giddily. But the boom collapsed when it was found that the reclaimed marshes were unsuited for crops and the vast territory lay fallow, unproductive for man or bird. The birds dutifully returned each Spring to nest, but the drained ground failed to absorb the water from the melting snow and duck eggs by the millions were destroyed.

In 1934, at the depth of the duck depression, money was raised for an international duck census to be taken the following year. A brief glimpse at a map will give you a small idea of the immensity of the job, but four thousand volunteers were enlisted and three planes covered 15,000 square miles, penetrating as far north as the Great Slave Lake.

Five major causes for the high mortality among the wild duck population were reported. In order of importance, they were: (1) Weather conditions, chiefly drought—almost as serious as the terrible situation in our own Dust Bowl—the result of draining marshes and neglecting the land which was cultivated during the wheat boom twenty-five years ago.

(2) Natural enemies such as crows, hawks and coyotes. (3) Agricultural activities. (4) Prairie fires. (5) Disease.

Having been apprized of the destructive forces, the next and natural step, of course, was to curtail same. This, in turn, meant money, more than a handful of wealthy patrons could contribute. The very tidy sum accruing from the Federal duck stamps could not be tapped because it is illegal to use Federal funds in a foreign country.

The answer was a larger, more comprehensive organization and so Ducks Unlimited was founded in 1937 for the purpose of raising money in the United States to be spent with Canadian cooperation.

(Isn't it strange that we invariably wind up grabbing for the check?)
(Ed. Note: Stick to the script, Frank. Don't go profound on us again.)

Masters and muggs kicked in handsomely and \$225,000 was appropriated in 1938 and '39 for restoration of Canadian sanctuaries. Bounties have been offered for the killing of predators which destroy nests and ducklings, and the better minds now are working on an arrangement whereby farmers will be compensated for refraining from cultivating well-frequented nesting grounds. The problems of prairie fires and disease can be handled with comparative ease as the conservation program is extended in scope.

THE most important work accomplished to date has been the restoration of 680,000 acres of breeding grounds. With a serious drought predicted for 1940, work was rushed on thirty-four great projects last December. In the main, this consisted of damming up the old ditches built when the marshes were drained and providing water storage tanks for mother ducks with their brood.

There was much to do in the United States, too, and it is being done in handsome style. Sanctuaries have been restored in the Dakotas and Minnesota, but the bulk of the money spent has been devoted to the creation of loafing grounds where birds can rest on their travels.

These migrations, the ardent enthusiast can and will tell you at great length, is one of the sweet mysteries of life. The birds leave their breeding grounds in September, a few days before the first breeze, and move southward with the weather. They fan out in three general directions, some swinging along the Pacific Coast, some heading for the Atlantic seaboard and others flying straight down the Mississippi. Although ducks like the cold, they are not averse to spending the winter in a warm climate, just like any bloated plutocrat. Birds hatched in Canada have been known to go to Cuba and Central America and a few have been found in South American countries.

In March they are seized with a great nostalgia for the old homestead and they time their northward journey instinctively so that they arrive at their breeding grounds two or three days after the ice has disappeared. They begin nesting in April, hatch in June and, two and a half months later, when the young are beginning to fly, they are ready to haul hips again. The speeds and distances covered by the birds are almost incredible. They average fifty miles an hour on the wing, and the canvasback has been clocked tooling along at seventy miles an hour. Errant husbands, who have dropped off at a corner saloon for a beer or several, have been known to fly a thousand miles consecutively to mollify the little woman.

Federal and private agencies have

done valiant work in the United States in dotting the waterways of the country with loafing grounds where the birds can feed and rest on their migratory flights. Tidewater, Virginia, is a famous sanctuary and Oakland, California, has a fine refuge which was established quite accidentally. In 1915 a flock of birds alighted on Lake Merritt, in the heart of the city, and oil on the lake coated their feathers so thickly that they were unable to leave. To save the stranded birds from starvation, park visitors fed them grain bought in five-cent bags. Ducks may look dumb, but it's merely another example of deceptive appearances. They came from far and near for the hand-out and liked Oakland so well that 8,000 now are attracted there for four months every year.

There is actually a steam-heated refuge at Valmont Lake, near Denver, where the water is used to cool steam condensers and is discharged back at a temperature of sixty degrees. Chicago has a luxurious duckport in Jackson Park, and Jack Miner, a duck man of purest ray serene, has been entertaining as many as 30,000 feathered guests near Detroit for twenty-five years.

THE recent severe Winter strained the facilities of Ducks Unlimited, but the beasties were provided for in unaccustomed style. All sorts of emergencies pop up continually. A typical hurry call was phoned in by a New York State game warden on the coldest day of the year. He reported that several hundred ducks, too weak to fly, were marooned on the ice near New York City's LaGuardia airport. The ice was too thin to venture out and rescue the ducks. What to do? The Ducks Unlimited people advised him to call the fire department and stretch ladders across the ice. A few hours later the warden called again. The ducks were okay, he said, but they needed a spot of water to rest and they were half starved, a tough break all around since his appropriation for feed had been exhausted. What was the next move? He was told to back up a truck at the nearest grain dealer and send the bill to Ducks Unlimited. Open water really was a poser, for every lake and pond on Long Island was frozen solidly. An outlet of a sewer finally was found where the ducks were fed and rested until they were able to fly.

The rapid-fire solution of this minor crisis and ten thousand others explains why game birds in sufficient numbers to blot out the sun again are appearing on the American continent. Yet it all seems a ghastly anachronism while human beings on another continent live in constant dread of the brightness of the day, fearful that it will bring hordes of sinister birds whose eggs breed only death and destruction.

(Note to Ed.: What have these birds got that we haven't got? I still think it's a dirty shame.)

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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

an enjoyable dance.

The Massachusetts State Elks Association held its annual Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet and Reception at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston on February 3. Mr. Warner was enthusiastically greeted by nearly a thousand Elks from various parts of the State. Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and Grand Secretary Masters were speakers in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler whose address in Boston was one of the most timely and interesting of the many he has made during his visitations. Among other distinguished Elks present were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John P. Hartigan, Providence, R. I.; E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, a member of the Grand Forum; Mayor Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; John F. Burke, Boston, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, Vt., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; officers of the State Elks Association, present and Past District Deputies and many other distinguished Massachusetts Elks and government officials.

State Pres. William F. Hogan, of Everett Lodge, was General Chairman of the Committee in charge of the banquet. State Vice-Pres. James A. Brennan, of Fitchburg, presided. P.E.R. John B. Hayes, Fitchburg, was Toastmaster, and E.R. Henry C. Walsh, Worcester, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The presentation of a beautiful silver service, a gift to the Grand Exalted Ruler from the Elks of Massachusetts, was made by P.E.R. David Greer of Newton Lodge. It was announced that Brookline Lodge No. 886 had won the Nicholson Trophy in the final ritualistic competition held that afternoon in the home of Boston Lodge No. 10. Taunton Lodge No. 150 was second, and Leominster Lodge No. 1237 was third.

From Boston the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Brattleboro, Vermont, in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. Burke; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier; D.D. P. J. Hinchey, of Berlin, and P.E.R. Charles F. Mann who acted as chairman of the local committee which arranged the banquet held in honor of Mr. Warner's visit to Brattleboro Lodge No. 1499, and also in celebration of the lodge's 15th anniversary. Over 300 Elks attended the meeting, filling the banquet room to capacity. The welcoming speech was made by E.R. Fred V. Johnson who represented the Brattleboro membership and was seated at the head table

with the distinguished guests. P.E.R. Harold J. Arthur, of Burlington Lodge, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., was an honor guest. P.E.R. Martin Austin, Brattleboro, was Toastmaster. A feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Warner by Brattleboro Lodge of an Estey electric organ. The official presentation was made by P.E.R. Neil D. Clawson. The Elks Choral Club of Springfield, Mass., a group of fine singers, rendered a number of special selections and led in community singing. Large delegations were present from Greenfield, Springfield, Woburn, Northampton, Holyoke, Fitchburg and Westfield, Mass.; Keene, Claremont, Nashua, and Manchester, N. H., and Bellows Falls, Bennington, Rutland, Montpelier, Barre, Burlington, St. Johnsbury and Springfield, Vt.

MORE than 400 Connecticut Elks and a group of distinguished visitors attended a reception and banquet at the Hotel Taft in New Haven, honoring Mr. Warner, on February 5. The speaking program was exceptional, including the Grand Exalted Ruler's stirring address and talks by the Governor of the State, the Hon. Raymond E. Baldwin; Mayor John W. Murphy; William M. Scully of Meriden, Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Assn.; U. S. Senator Francis T. Maloney; Mayor Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, who gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast, and P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Editor of the Bridgeport Times-Star, who acted as Toastmaster. Among the prominent members of the Order who occupied

places of honor were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge No. 1, James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. Malley; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John P. Hartigan, and Mr. Burke; Edward T. Cox, Wallingford, and John P. Gilbert, Danbury, D.D.'s for Connecticut East and West respectively, and E.R. John J. Sullivan of New Haven Lodge. Mrs. Warner was met and entertained by the Elks Ladies' Reception Committee.

ON February 14, Mr. Warner stepped from a snow-coated train at the Rochester station to be warmly greeted by a delegation from Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, headed by D. Curtis Gano, Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. William B. Zimmer and Secy. T. Edward Freckleton. Twenty-four Elks who had boarded his train at Buffalo and Tonawanda were members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party. Despite the fact that a blizzard was raging, the attendance at the noon luncheon, held in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor at the lodge home, was so large that the banquet hall was filled. Many business men of the city were present in addition to the representation of the local lodge. Mr. Gano was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. Several addresses were made including one delivered by Mr. Warner.

To accommodate the Grand Exalted Ruler, the N. Y. Central Railroad Company permitted a stop to be made by the Empire Express at Rome, N. Y., where he was met by a large group of members of Rome Lodge No. 96. Mr. Warner and the members of the Reception Committee were entertained by E.R. James Spargo, Sr., at his beautiful home in Rome. The meeting in the evening celebrated the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home. Notwithstanding the storm, which was still at its height, the turn-out of Elks, 450 or more, filled the banquet room. Many lodges of North Central New York were represented. Mr. Warner spoke on Americanism, and Grand Tiler Stephen McGrath of Oneida, and State Pres. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta, spoke briefly. A floor show followed the speaking program. The meeting was preceded by a banquet. Arrangements for the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit were made by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers.

The Testimonial Dinner, given by Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, honoring Mr. Warner, took place on February 15 and was also held in celebration of the 72nd anniversary of the Founding of the Order



and in commemoration of Americanism Week—February 18-24. The dinner was preceded by a reception and followed by a special lodge meeting with the initiation of the Henry C. Warner Class of 16 candidates. The speaking program was excellent. Mr. Warner's address on Americanism, the subject most popular with Elks in all parts of the country, was received with the usual enthusiastic approbation. Mr. Warner praised the lodge for its growth and achievements and commended the officers for their excellent rendition of the Ritual in the initiatory ceremonies. More than 200 local and visiting members were present in the lodge home. Ticonderoga, Saranac Lake and Malone, N. Y., Lodges were well represented. Harold J. Arthur, Burlington, Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn., P.D.D. Peter F. Garvey, Burlington, and a delegation of some 20 members of St. Albans, Vt., Lodge, headed by D.D. John R. Hurley and E.R. James Randolph Burke, attended. Corporation Counsel Harry P. Kehoe delivered the welcoming address. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by P.E.R. Golda H. Douglas of Plattsburg Lodge, D.D. for New York Northeast County Judge Andrew W. Ryan acted as Toastmaster at the banquet.

The trip to Ticonderoga, N. Y., was made by Mr. Warner and Mr. Douglas with motorcycle escort. An elaborate program, arranged by Ticonderoga Lodge No. 1494, served to honor the Grand Exalted Ruler on his official visit to the lodge, and to celebrate the Order's 72nd birthday. Mr. Warner headed a list of distinguished guests, and his speech at the State Armory, where the

major portion of the ceremonies, including an initiation, were held, climaxed the program. Festivities got under way with a luncheon honoring both the Grand Exalted Ruler and the District Deputy, Mr. Douglas. An interesting visit was made to Fort Ticonderoga. The testimonial dinner tendered Mr. Warner was served in the lodge rooms, and later the entire membership with the many visiting Elks in attendance, left the lodge home in formation and marched to the State Armory, headed by the local high school band. The welcoming address was made by E.R. Bruce W. Carney, Est. Loy. Knight Albert MacCauley was Chairman of the Celebration Committee. The evening closed with a reception in the lodge rooms. From Ticonderoga, the Grand Exalted Ruler went to New York City for an afternoon meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees, held on February 17.

Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and Grand Tiler Stephen McGrath, Mr. Warner proceeded to Port Jervis for a meeting that night at Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, in connection with which the lodge celebrated its fortieth year as a member lodge of the Order. E.R. Eli T. Conner welcomed the guests at the banquet held at the Hotel Minisink and presided later at the meeting. Judge Hallinan, introduced by P.E.R. Myron C. Alting, P.D.D., was the principal speaker at the dinner. Mr. Warner spoke briefly on the Order. At the meeting, his address stressed Americanism and was pronounced one

of the most moving ever heard in the Port Jervis Lodge room. At the conclusion of the talk Chaplain Henry C. Meyer sang "God Bless America", accompanied by William Boyd. Among the other speakers were Mr. McGrath, who is a Past President of the N. Y. State Elks Association, State Pres. Dr. Marx, D.D. Arthur H. Kimble of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, P.D.D. Charles A. Ryan of Kingston, N. Y., and Alfred A. McCabe of Easton Lodge, D. D. for the Penna. N.E. District which adjoins that covered by the Port Jervis area. William Wade, holder of Card No. 1 and the first secretary of No. 645, made the presentation to the Grand Exalted Ruler of a silver tea service, manufactured by a local firm. Most of the nearby lodges were represented by several or more members. Reports were read at the meeting by Trustee Walter Ott of the Welfare Committee, P.E.R. Alvin Chase, reporting for the Scholarship and Boy Scout Committees, Est. Loyal Knight Kenneth Shields of the Americanism Week Committee, and Philip Parker of the Anniversary Dance Committee. Grand Exalted Ruler Warner delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

BEFORE a large assemblage, Mr. Warner delivered an address, on Sunday, February 18, at the annual banquet held by New York Lodge No. 1, at the Hotel Biltmore, commemorating the 72nd anniversary of the founding of the Order. Judge Ferdinand Pecora, Past Exalted Ruler, was Toastmaster, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and State Pres. Dr. Marx, were also speakers.

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

intelligent view of the capacities, needs and foibles of the Italian people and knows what he is doing. Mr. Ludwig does not condone his exile of the scholars nor his war against Abyssinia, but he says that Italians are not war-like, do not hate France and will thrive best if they can remain neutral. He admires Mussolini for his energy; the man is ceaselessly studying, has increased his knowledge of languages and can drive an airplane as well as a motor car; Hitler, by comparison, can't ride a horse or drive a car, reads no books—although once he read Ludwig's "Napoleon"—asks no questions and never listens. Getting into the present war is not a matter of compulsion for Mussolini, says Mr. Ludwig. It is for him to decide. "If he plunges into his imitator's adventure, he will perish with him. If he refrains, it will be seen how superior he was to him in statesmanship." As for Stalin, Mr. Ludwig says, "Every intelligent reader of the world press realized that Hitler and Stalin were out to cheat one another as soon as possible, when they concluded their pacts. What everybody does not know, however, is that Stalin stands a far better chance of winning the great game." (Alliance Book Corporation, \$1.50)

ONCE upon a time H. G. Wells was the prophet of the new world order. He used to remind us to put things in order by education and wise direction before chaos blotted out all progress achieved by man. The world didn't take his advice, but that doesn't invalidate it. And he is warning us again, in "The New World Order". (Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.50). We don't have to accept all his blue-prints to get encouragement and inspiration from his advice. He believes in "evolutionary collectivism" and he thinks the United States and Great Britain are going into socialism backward, by increased government control and taxation. He is for a transition to a wider collective economy (meaning that many of the resources and major services will no longer be operated privately) but he wants us to make the transition gradually and peacefully, before violence steps in and does it with a great deal of loss and suffering. As usual he talks against

the ruthlessness of exploiting resources until there is nothing left—forests, wild animals, mineral resources, and he reminds us that "quite apart from war, our planet is being wasted and disorganized. Yet the process goes on, without any general control, more monstrously destructive even than the continually enhanced terrors of modern warfare".

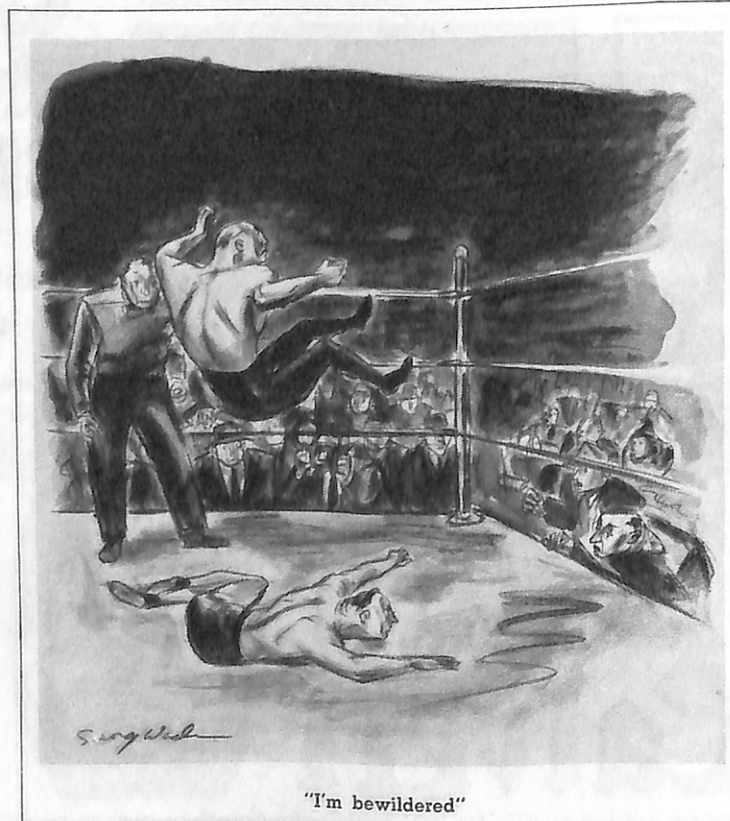
Some idea of how personalities affect policies in Washington may be gained from reading Thomas L. Stokes' reminiscences of the administrations of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt, in his book, "Chip Off My Shoulder". (Princeton University Press, \$3). Mr. Stokes is the Washington representative of the Scripps Howard Newspaper Alliance and is known and esteemed for his clear reports and his fearlessness. In 1939 he won the Pulitzer prize for distinguished work in revealing the connection between WPA and politics in Kentucky. This brought an attack by Harry Hopkins but the Senate took up the investigation and sustained Stokes. He admires Franklin D. Roosevelt as a politician and he gives excellent behind-the-scenes glimpses of interesting events of the Democratic administration. He believes that many of the problems that confront the country are not Democratic or Republican, but American, demanding a solution in which all Americans should cooperate.

BREEDING of horses started in Kentucky over 100 years ago. The state still had lively memories of Daniel Boone and Indian attacks at Harrodsburg, and plenty of men who fought with the Kentucky Rifles at the Battle of New Orleans were still alive and bragging about it. This long preoccupation with horses in the Blue Grass country is the basis of an entertaining historical novel called "Show Me the Land", written by two Louisville women who call themselves Clark McMeekin. (Actually they are Dorothy Park Clark and Isabel McLennan McMeekin, and they've heard about horses all their lives.) The title comes from the exclamation of Ergo Tanner, the Irish groom who says, "Show me a land where men wants none o' horses an' I'll show ye a land where there ain't no men, by God!" And that starts the story in 1816, when Dana Terraine and her father Jarrod Terraine are in Ireland, where the father is trying to buy a blooded colt and Richard Galphine, called Rike, is bargaining with him. It's going to be the tempestuous love story of Dana and Rike, you'll guess, and you won't be far wrong. Ups and downs on the large farms, horse breeding and racing, gambling, cock-fighting, a shipwreck and a war—but not a great deal of war. The emphasis is on Dana and the families associated with her. There's a neat bit of Kentucky feeling packed into Dana's remark when Ergo worries

because so many fine horses have been taken for the Civil War. "Many of the horses were loaned to our friends," says Dana. "They are gentlemen and they will return them after the war." (Appleton - Century, \$2.50)

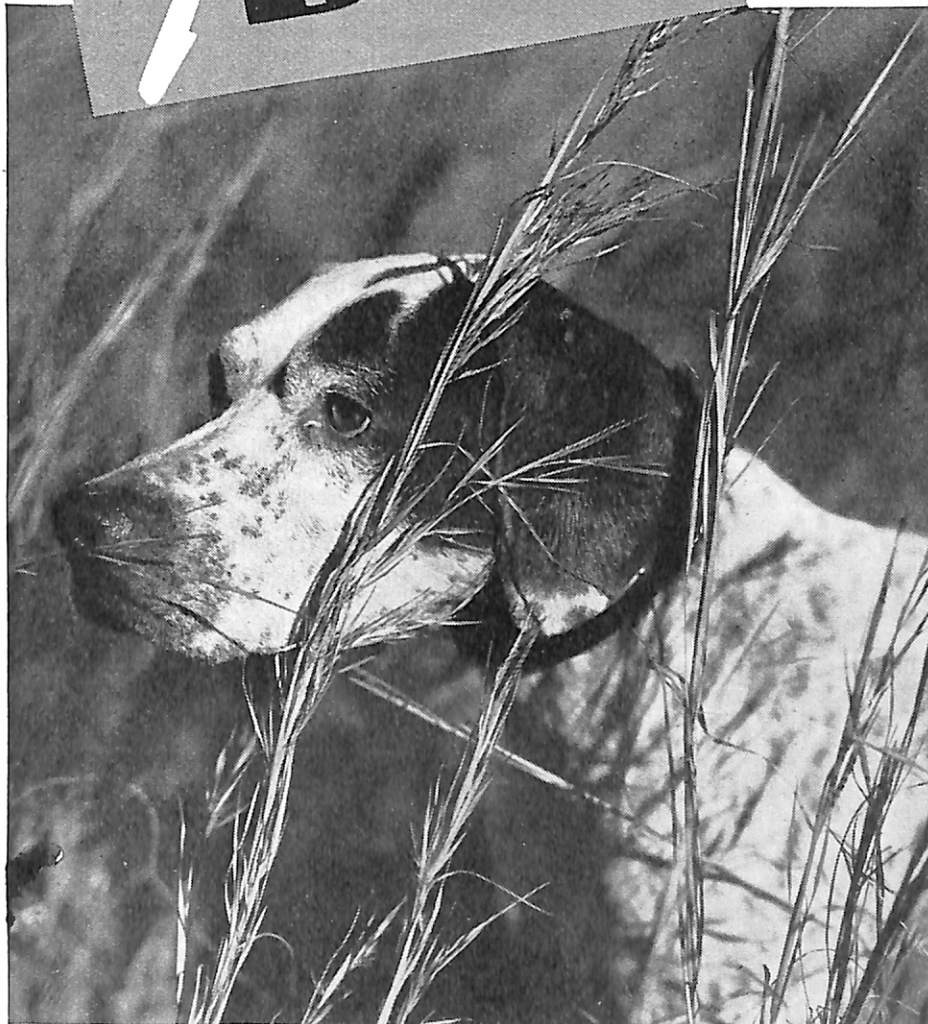
PEARL S. BUCK has a surprise for her readers in her new novel, "Other Gods: An American Legend". She has let her imagination deal with manifestations of hero worship in the United States to portray the career of Bert Holm, a mechanic who holds a subordinate job in a mountain-climbing expedition and who achieves fame by climbing to the top of a peak in the Himalayas in advance of the head of the expedition. He reaches Peking acclaimed as the great American hero, meets Kit Tallant, daughter of a wealthy American, and marries her. When they

(Continued on page 53)



"I'm bewildered"

Your DOG



H. Armstrong Roberts

by Edward Faust

Where Is My Wandering Dog Tonight?

OUR barber has violent ideas about dogs. The other day we casually remarked that the national canine population was reckoned to be about 15,000,000.

"I'm sure of it," he said. "They all live in my neighborhood."

He followed this remarkable assertion by an inventory of his troubles and as we listened our sympathy kindled for that harassed soul as one more victim of the wandering dog. We speculated as to the size of the army that would include all those who, like our friend, have just reason to condemn the free-running animal as an unmitigated nuisance. Living in the suburbs ourselves, where this curse is particularly

prevalent, we are in agreement with those who raise a complaint against this plague, but withal, and this in fairness to such dogs, know that the blame should rest squarely upon the shoulders of the owners who loosen these animals with no thought for the rights of their neighbors. Strangely, many such people may in all other ways be splendidly unselfish but by this one annoying practice find themselves considered anything but that by the man next door.

To permit one's dog to track the other fellow's grounds, to destroy his shrubbery, foul the premises, intimidate his visitors or otherwise be an annoyance is nothing more than downright selfishness. As a matter of record attested to by innumerable legal actions, this has been perhaps one of the principal causes for



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neighborhood feuds. In fact, by far the majority of laws adverse to dogs have arisen from the depredations of the canine wanderer, whether a household pet freed by an unconcerned owner, or a dog that is lost, or worse still, one that never had a home, or the inveterate four-legged vagabond. Here we learn one reason why breeders of pure-breds are so uncompromisingly against the mongrel. It is because such laws, affecting as they do all dogs, often have serious effects on sales of pedigreed specimens. With good cause these fanciers argue that the individuals who buy thoroughbreds are less likely to allow their purchases to wander at will than are those who own valueless dogs.

The lost dog (in not all is the homing instinct strong) and the canine derelict that never had a home—those waifs of misfortune appeal to our deepest sympathy. No one with a discerning eye has observed these unfortunates without noting the bewilderment and distress and anxiety with which the lost dog examines every possible scent in the hope that it may find the one that will trace back to its beloved master and the home it once knew. The masterless dog, conditioned as he may be to his lot, is still more unfortunate; for him there is no home anywhere, and no hope of finding one, other than by the caprice of some pitying person.

Finally, we have the itinerants that are masterless from being driven to escape such cruelties as underfeeding, neglect, abuse, or those that are tramps for no other reason than a deliberate preference for that kind of living. For the dog driven to hoboism as an escape from an unhappy environment there is every excuse; for the one that chooses to be a tramp we have no excuse nor any explanation, any more than we would attempt to guess why so many human beings have chosen to live that way. But whether made wanderers by the carelessness of their owners or by chance or choice, the dog on the loose is not only a nuisance but is the chief contributor to that army of mongrels resulting from back-alley romances and sometimes can be definitely dangerous. It is this type of dog which is largely responsible for the dread disease rabies, although this malady is not nearly as prevalent as some would believe. Surest proof of this is the divergence of opinion and the misconceptions about its symptoms which are held by so many people. That such differences of belief exist is certain evidence of how comparatively few persons have seen true hydrophobia. For example, the accepted idea is that infected dogs foam at the mouth. Such is not the truth, but they do drool a stringy saliva. Another fantasy is that they shun water. On the contrary, they'll drink so long as their jaws are not locked. Nor do all mad dogs race around wildly, there being two kinds of rabies, the active, wherein the

dog does run a crazy course, and the inactive, and to our way of thinking the more dangerous because it gives less warning, which causes the dog to seek dark corners in a certain sulky way. But one of the most panic-provoking cries is that of "Mad dog", causing as it does the wanton killing of many animals suffering from no more than harmless running fits due to nervous shock, worms or digestive disorders of various kinds. Water starvation can create in a dog the semblance of a fit, which reminds us—and we put this in for no particular reason—of the dog who says in that classic written by Richard Harding Davis, "The Bar Sinister", "Water must be very valuable, human beings keep it locked up so well". The bite of the dog undergoing a fit is no more virulent than is any other wound which must be kept clean from infection. On the other hand, the bite from one suffering with rabies warrants immediate and skilled medical attention. We'll add that should you at any time have good reason to have a dog destroyed which you believe to be thus afflicted, do not dispose of the body but turn it over to your nearest civic medical authorities to get an official say-so as to the animal's condition in the event that it may have bitten someone who might otherwise neglect to have the injury properly treated.

Before we leave this subject we would again emphasize that rabies is not common and there is no cause for hysteria in the spectacle of the dog suffering from a simple fit. Two recent examples of snap judgment resulting in unnecessary death to dogs comes to mind—one, the shooting of a valuable Doberman Pinscher making a frightened escape from a dog show held recently in the town where the writer lives and the other, a dog that was shot and killed by a panic-stricken officer in a nearby community. Subsequent examination proved that neither dog was mad, and as a matter of official record as reported in the local press, nearly two weeks following the death of the second dog it was discovered that the wrong animal was killed.

Don't, however, take these instances we mention as evidences of sentimentality on our part; as much as we like dogs, we feel that it was better for an innocent dog to die than a human being to be infected with such a dreadful thing as rabies. All we plead for is a little less hysteria concerning the subject.

But back to our wanderer. It is he, too, and the charge is just, that helps spread the canine plague, distemper, as well as many other doggy sicknesses and thus not only is a nuisance, possibly a dangerous one, to people, but is a menace to his own kind as well.

In common with certain other youngsters, as a child we looked upon the periodic tours of the local dog catcher as the only visitation more unwelcome than that of the truant

officer. Indeed, it is hard for many grown-ups to steel their hearts against the pleading eyes of the animals that gaze from behind the bars of the pound-wagon. But the dog catcher is not the villain our youthful fancy pictured. Instead he's a sadly misunderstood official whose job wouldn't exist if it were not for stray dogs, and who by impounding them performs a valuable public service.

Earlier we loosened a few shafts at the individual who permits his or her dog to annoy neighbors in the mistaken belief that Fido should have plenty of liberty, but we wonder how many among these people aren't prompted to this practice more by indolence than consideration for their dogs. Actually, to let the dog roam at will is not only a nuisance-habit but, as has happened to thou-

sands of dogs, exposes him to possible injury or death by automobile. As a matter of fact, the owner who sincerely cares for the dog will take the few moments it requires to give him his airings under the restraint of a leash.

Now that we have registered as a common scold, we might just as well go further and empty a vial or two on the head of the person who would stoop to abandon a dog, something which has been done unfortunately too often and which should and does attract only the contempt of all fair-minded people. Should it be necessary at any time to dispose of a dog, it is only a small return for the animal's love and loyalty to try to place it in a good home or, failing that, spend the little money it costs to have a veterinarian painlessly destroy it.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as

feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 50)

reach the United States Kit discovers that there will be no privacy in their lives. She has a great deal of stamina, whereas Bert, while free from self-consciousness, is a self-centered man who accepts his fame as natural. Mrs. Buck is always excellent when describing the emotions of women and her book is more the story of Kit Tallant than of Bert Holm. But Kit is unlike the women of Mrs. Buck's other novels and her attitude toward Bert's carelessness, to publicity and "build-up" and to her part in keeping Bert Holm going as a symbol of pure and lofty conduct will prove most interesting to the reader. (John Day Co., \$2.50)

SOME of us have heard what pioneer life was like in the far West, because that settlement took place not so long ago. But few of us can imagine the way the first settlements were made north of the Ohio River in the land of the Shawnees. Conrad Richter has told it in "The Trees".

(Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50). This is properly a novel, but though you may become interested in Worth Luckett and his family, you can't help seeing it as a picture of how white men cleared a place in the wilderness of trees, built a cabin, hunted for game, started gardens, married and supported families. The make-shift life of that day, the loss of one little girl in the pathless woods, the ease with which men disappeared forever from the communities in the forests, are events that took place once in country now filled with industries and rolling farms. Conrad Richter, who wrote this tale, is the son of a preacher and grew up in small towns in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He knows some communities and he has shown his interest in American land once before in writing "The Sea of Grass". Despite the fact that his novel describes the past when trees were enemies of man, it is also a story of human emotions and experiences, told with much beauty.

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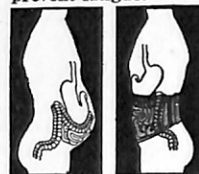
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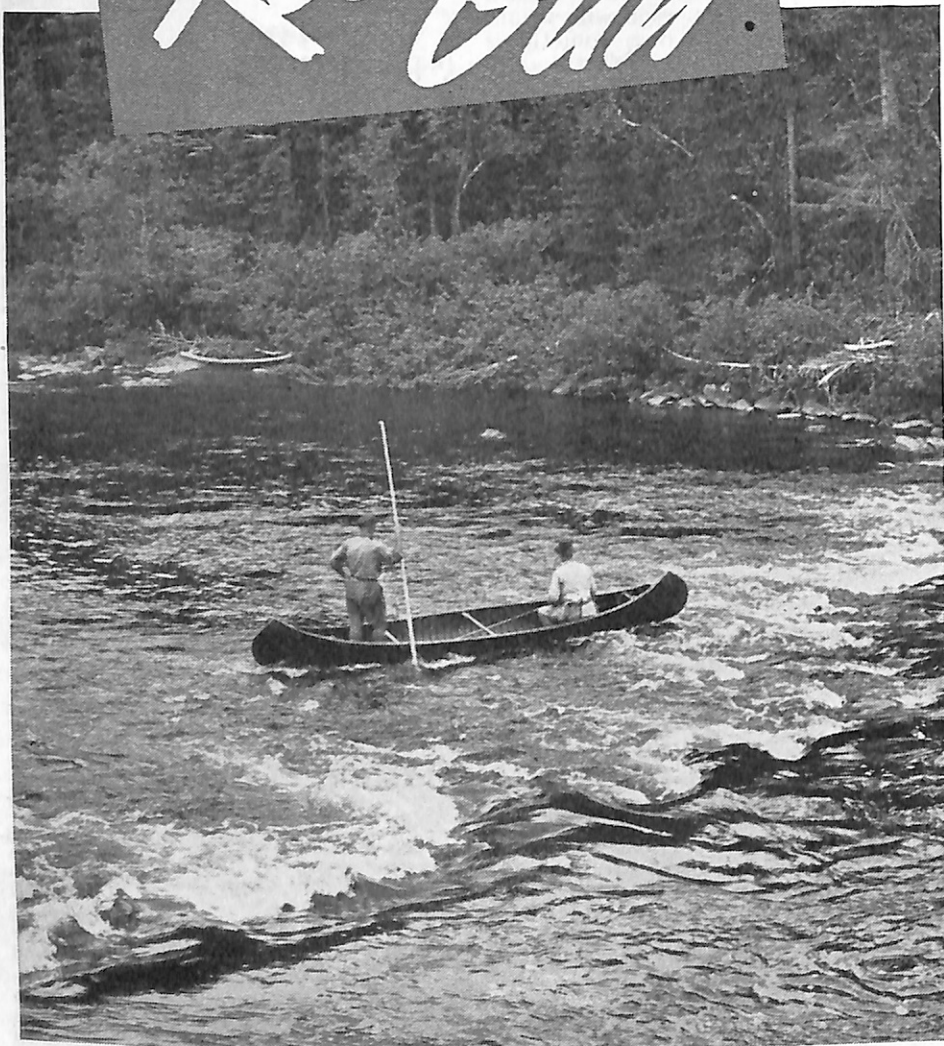
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Rod AND Gun



Fly fishing in the sticks is really something—particularly when the sticks means Newfoundland—the angler's hope of heaven.

by Ray Trullinger

TO most Americans, Newfoundland is a spot somewhere "up in northern Canada", from which ocean-hoppers recently were taking off for Europe or Eternity over a million miles of front page headlines. To fly-fishermen who have been around, Newfoundland is the place where all those fantastic angling yarns actually are commonplace realities.

Excepting, perhaps, the Pacific northwest and Alaska, no area of the North American continent can match what Newfoundland offers fly-casters

between June and September. Where, for instance, could three anglers catch and release 72 salmon and grilse in a day's fishing? Where else can one take eastern brook trout weighing from three to thirteen pounds, and where else is a five-pound squaretail considered no great shakes?

Mind you, no special gear other than salmon flies and leaders need be purchased for this fishing; your stiffish old nine-foot bass bugging rod will serve excellently. Furthermore, practically all of Newfoundland's salmon water can be fished by wading. Brother, it's the real McCoy, only with fins.

Perusal of a map will reveal Newfoundland to be an island lying off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, separated from Labrador on the north by the narrow Straits of Belle Isle, and on the south from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, by Cabot Strait. It is not, as

many believe, a part of Canada. Newfoundland is a British crown colony—the oldest in the British Empire. And it isn't nearly as inaccessible as so many imagine. You can get there by rail or motor from New York in two days, plus an overnight boat trip across Cabot Strait.

There are several reasons why this 43,000-square-mile island offers such amazingly good trout and salmon fishing during the summer months—fishing that even today remains virtually as unspoiled as when John Cabot first set foot on the land back in 1497.

The first is that Newfoundland is blessed with 200-odd salmon streams, from lusty, brawling rivers to quiet little brooks in which you'd hardly expect anything larger than fingerling trout. All, sometime between June and September, carry runs of salmon, grilse and the biggest sea-run trout ever to gladden an angler's heart.

Some rivers, including such streams as the Little and Great Codroy, Lower and Upper Humber, Serpentine, Harry's, Terra Nova and Portland Creek, to mention a few, are noted for their large fish. By large fish I mean salmon running from 25 to 40 pounds. Dozens of other streams carry runs of light to mediumweight salmon—fish ranging from 8 to 15 pounds or better.

THE second reason why Newfoundland's fishing is tops is that, excepting those rivers convenient to the Newfoundland Railway, the colony's streams hardly are fished from one season to the next. Some, in fact, aren't fished at all. To the best of this writer's knowledge there isn't a "No Trespass" sign on the island. All fishing is wide open and help yourself.

Although "open fishing" generally spells poor sport, that rule doesn't hold here. Which brings us to the third—and perhaps the most important—reason why Newfoundland's angling is something to cheer about: there aren't 100 miles of macadamized highway in the whole country!

Except in the immediate vicinity of a few larger communities, Henry Ford's sterling creations are about as useful as rubber pants on a duck. Newfoundlanders are as yet unfamiliar with the dubious blessings of concrete highways and high speed motor travel, and it's doubtful if that happy state of affairs will be changed in this generation or even the next. Travel is pretty well restricted to rail, water and that nearly forgotten means of locomotion—at least in the U. S.—shank's mare.

Fox Island River, a short but pretty little stream on the west coast, was the scene of my first Newfoundland fishing adventure. Conditions weren't too good when I arrived in late June. A 26-day drought had reduced the stream to a trickle; heavy rains were needed to start the

salmon moving upstream from salt water. Fortunately, a number of large sea-run brook trout were lurking in several pools just above tide-water, and, accompanied by Lee Wulff, a friend who had arrived a few days previously, I went to work on 'em.

The first afternoon produced several busters, the largest a six-pounder, taken by Wulff. My best fish was a four-pounder, although for a brief few minutes I had a hook in a squaretail that couldn't have been much short of the Nipigon record holder. That brookie smacked a big streamer, headed downstream like a steelhead and kept going with relentless power. It felt heavy as a salmon, so vigorous was that downstream surge. Then, as often happens when you're about to grab the pretty brass ring, Lady Luck stepped in and gummed the works. A sharp, submerged rock cut the leader and the fish was gone. But not before it had made one jump—a leap revealing a trout that must have seen its fingerling days back in the gold toothpick era.

Next morning's effort produced the trip's first salmon—the only salmon in the lower river at that time. I'd fished upstream for about three miles without raising anything but a sweat, and, beside a likely looking pool, met a discouraged Nova Scotian and his guide. He'd been fishing over a lone salmon in that pool for two hours and hadn't gotten anywhere.

"I've tried that so-and-so with every fly in my box," he complained, after we'd introduced ourselves, "but it's no go. I don't think it's a taking fish."

"How about a floater?" I questioned.

"Why, I haven't a dry fly in my kit," he replied.

He politely refused my offered lures and suggested I give the salmon a whirl. It was plain the fellow was fed up; furthermore, it was evident both he and his guide were convinced the fish couldn't be taken. This was an invitation and a challenge, which made the salmon's capture all the more desirable. Then, too, I'd detected a sardonic glint of amusement in the guide's eye when a dry fly was mentioned.

The first cast aroused the fish's curiosity and the second brought it halfway to the surface. And right there I would have bet \$10 to a plugged dime the third cast would pay off, as it frequently does in salmon fishing. It did. As the fly drifted down, the salmon rose slowly through eight feet of crystal-clear water, engulfed the fuzzy lure, started down, and the next second the quiet pool was erupting a lively 12-pound fish. Fifteen minutes later the battle was over and the guide was trying to mooch every dry fly in my possession. Guides aren't dumb. That is to say, not for long.

From Fox Island River the angling trek carried on to Harry's River,

where the fishing was so good the writer took five salmon and six grilse the first day out, and finally to the Serpentine. Friend, you ain't seen nothin' until you've wet a fly in that glorified crick! Wild, unspoiled and uninhabited from source to mouth. And loaded with fish, in season. The river's salmon record stands at around 40 pounds; the trout mark at 13.

For this trip I teamed up with a salmon-fishing New Englander, who henceforth in this anecdote will be known merely as Pete. Pete was on a lonely vacation and wanted company—fishing and elbow bending. He got it.

But shortly after we'd left Spruce Brook and were trudging six miles of boggy caribou trail to Serpentine Lake, source of Serpentine River, it became obvious my new-found chum had something on his mind. Questioning elicited the information that he had in his possession but one quart of Hudson Bay's best. A shipment from St. John's had gone astray, or something, and there he was faced with an unbearable drought condition.

"The immediate future looks dismal," he remarked, brushing away a score of black flies, "very dismal indeed. There is just a chance our outfitter will send a courier with the missing bottle goods, but I doubt it."

He brightened up when I announced that I, too, had an imperial quart tucked away in the packsack.

"With careful rationing," was his comment, "we have barely a half-day's supply between us. Watch out you don't fall and break that bottle! If you must tumble, pick a soft place to land."

Late the next afternoon, following an all-night stop at the outfitter's main camp at Serpentine Lake and a ten-mile canoe trip down the river, we pitched our tents at Serpentine Falls. A dour Britisher, whom we promptly christened Lord Cholmondeley, already was encamped there with his guide and it was obvious he didn't fancy our company. He'd had a lone hand in a fishing cookie jar for two weeks and was doing all right without competition.

Tents had been pitched within a few yards of the falls, beside which someone had constructed a rustic platform or lookout which commanded a view up and down the river, together with an excellent view of the falls pool, a few feet below.

Pete and I promptly climbed up on this airy lookout to survey the beautiful scene and a moment later were joined by M'lord. One glance disclosed the bottom of that pool literally paved with salmon and grilse. There must have been hundreds of fish concentrated there, awaiting higher water which would permit them to jump the falls.

"Here, gentlemen," I remarked, "is where I'm going to do my fishing. I feel a cold coming on and I'm not going to flounder through a



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Do You Fish?

In a survey made last year, it was found that 56.2% of the half-million readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE go fishing for a hobby; 41.1% of you Hunt.

If you are one of the nearly 300,000 Elks who Fish, be sure to read the message of the Fishing Tackle manufacturers who advertise in this Magazine. Last month there was a full column of them and next month, again, there will be more. Their products are all of the best—insist upon them when purchasing your fishing needs.

WHERE'LL WE STAY IN ST. LOUIS?



lot of chilly water in clammy waders when I can do my stuff within thirty yards of camp."

"But I say, old chap," objected M'lord, "you cawn't do that, you know. The fish won't take in this pool. I've tried 'em. They won't rise. Really!"

Again I was being challenged, and again a fuzzy dry fly was bent on a nine-foot tapered leader. As an afterthought, I donned waders. It might be necessary to descend from that rustic perch and chase a large fish downstream. At that moment Pete heard our guides greeting an unseen newcomer and departed hastily toward the cook shack, hoping for the best. He'd been out of likker for hours.

It was awkward casting from that platform, but the first time that floater hit the water eight salmon started for it and a sizable fish was hooked. It jumped six times before the frail leader popped; M'lord sighed audibly and Pete made his reappearance, brandishing a large bottle and a tin cup.

"How about a little splash of something to celebrate the loss of your first Serpentine salmon?" he queried, pouring a generous drink of brownish liquid into the tin cup.

"I thought we were out of gas."

"A special courier has just arrived," he replied, "and the situation

again is under control. Drink up! It's good for your cold and as mild as mother's milk. Besides, it will make you laugh and play."

Unsuspecting, your reporter drained the cup and a moment later was wondering, in a dazed sort of way, whether he'd been kicked by a mule or whether he was suffering from a sudden, spontaneous case of internal combustion.

"What," I gasped chokingly, juice squirting from my eyes like a squeezed grapefruit, "what in God's sweet name was THAT?"

"Demerara rum," he replied, blandly, "a real salmon fisherman's drink. The first jolt sort of grabs you, but after that it's as easy to take as an income tax rebate. Care for another snort?"

"No," I replied, bending on a new fly, "not right at the moment. The recoil from that first shot hasn't quite subsided."

A few minutes later another fish was hooked and eventually netted. We toasted that capture and then Pete tried his hand and was successful. So we had another. M'lord disappeared for a few minutes and returned with a bottle of scotch and suggested a toast to the King and Queen. We drank to their Britannic Majesties, but separately. Meanwhile, Pete caught another fish. Daylight lingers until 10 o'clock in that

northern latitude in the summertime, which gave us plenty of time to fish and celebrate each victory or defeat in Demerara rum, with scotch chasers.

We called it a day around midnight and your reporter rolled in, later to pass an uncomfortable night. There were horrible dreams of being confined in a strait jacket, a garment known to the medical trade as a "restraining sheet". A warm, summer sun beating on the tent and a typically British voice awakened me in the morning. Lord Cholmondeley was peering through the tent flaps, bright-eyed as a daisy.

"What ho!" was his salutation.

"What ho yourself, and how are all the little fish and chips?" was mine.

A puzzled expression came over his face as I sat up and tossed away the blankets.

"You been out fishing already this morning?" he questioned, still eyeing me with that puzzled look.

"Hell, no," I answered. "Whatever gave you that silly idea?"

"Well, then, tell me," he questioned, "do you American johnnies always sleep in your waders on a fishing trip?"

So that explained that strait-jacket nightmare! Well, you gotta expect things like that on a New-foundland angling jaunt. It's a rough country!



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

Jacksonville, Fla., Elks Celebrate Remodeling of Lodge Home

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, recently opened its remodeled lodge and club rooms with a gala three-day celebration program. The festivities began with a formal opening and inspection for the public on Tuesday, February 27, continued with an All-Florida Elks Day on Wednesday and were climaxed with a dance and entertainment on Thursday evening. Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was the guest of honor on All-Florida Day.

More than \$50,000 was spent in transforming the lodge home into one of the most beautiful fraternal structures in the country. A loud-speaking system, modernistic furniture, indirect electric illumination and rubber tile floors have been installed. Additional floor space has been given the club rooms. The library and lounge room, the visitors' registration room, the board of directors' room, and the manager's office are located on the mezzanine. A new novel neon sign heralds the approach to the entrance of the building, which occupies one of the most valuable corners in the city.

Coinciding as it did with the remodeling celebration, the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit added élat and pleasurable excitement to the occasion. The

gathering of Florida Elks in attendance, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz of Daytona Beach Lodge, former Governor of Florida, was the largest in years. Also present were D.D.'s Cecil H. Zinkan, St. Augustine, and Cullen H. Talton, Daytona Beach; Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins, DeLand; many Past State Presidents and Past District Deputies, and representatives of more than 18 lodges.

Mr. Warner delivered an inspiring message to the Florida Elks, and praised the work of Jacksonville Lodge. Mr. Sholtz was also a speaker. Prior to the ceremonies conducted in the lodge home, a dinner was held in the George Washington Hotel. Mrs. Warner was feted during the evening by the local ladies. Following the regular order of the program, a beautiful silver electric percolator set, suitably engraved, was presented to Mr. Warner on behalf of the lodge by P.E.R. M. Frank O'Brien, Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., and manager of the lodge home for the past twenty years. E.R. Thomas E. Malle arranged the program for the evening which was concluded with a buffet supper.

The home of Jacksonville Lodge is a landmark in the city. The lodge has occupied the same corner site for more

than 37 years. A new and modern three-story building replaced the first structure in 1928, and the recent remodeling program was made in keeping with the lodge's progress.

Eugene, Ore., Lodge Sponsors Boxing Bouts For Finnish Relief

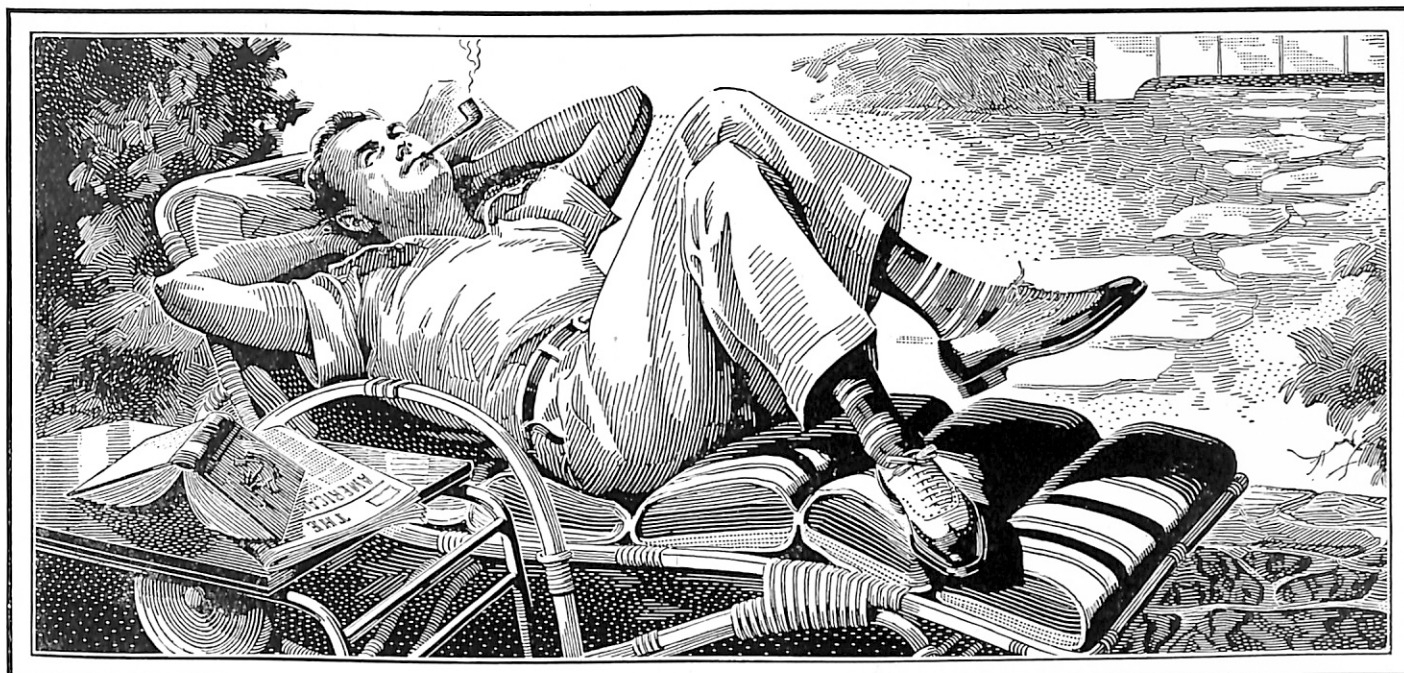
A fifteen-bout Amateur Boxing Benefit was sponsored by Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, on February 23, for the Finnish Relief Fund. The bouts, sanctioned by the A. A. U., were held at the Eugene Armory before a capacity crowd. A profit of \$203.95, was turned over to the State Chairman of the Finnish Relief Fund.

Music was furnished by Jim Lawson and his Lumberjacks and the Eugene Elks Orchestra.

Seattle, Wash., and Salt Lake City, Utah, Elks Exchange Visits

Twenty-five officers and members of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, paid a return visit to Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, on February 8. On the two visitations, several thousand miles were covered. At Salt Lake, the Seattle officers, led by Exalted Ruler Henry C. Agnew, initiated a large number of candidates for the host lodge, and as a mark of its appreciation Salt Lake City Lodge named the class the "Henry Clay Agnew Class".

Meet a man who is on his toes



If you don't believe it, watch him tomorrow. His job is a tough one, but he's not afraid of it. He greets each dawn as a dare, carries more than his quota of work—yet still finds time for civic affairs, charities and public problems. But, when day is done, he remembers that both body and mind must relax...rebuild... get ready to tackle tomorrow. He lives with a purpose, so he turns to his family and friends...

to his books and pipe...to his garden and hobbies...to laughter and music. He enjoys life.

* * *

Many kinds of things can make your moments of well-applied leisure bright, friendly and productive. There's a time and a place for Budweiser in every one of your busy days. It's a companion when you're alone with your family...a Perfect Host when you entertain.

Live Life. Every golden minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser. Every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER - BUSCH
Makers of the World-Famous Beer

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Beverage of Moderation

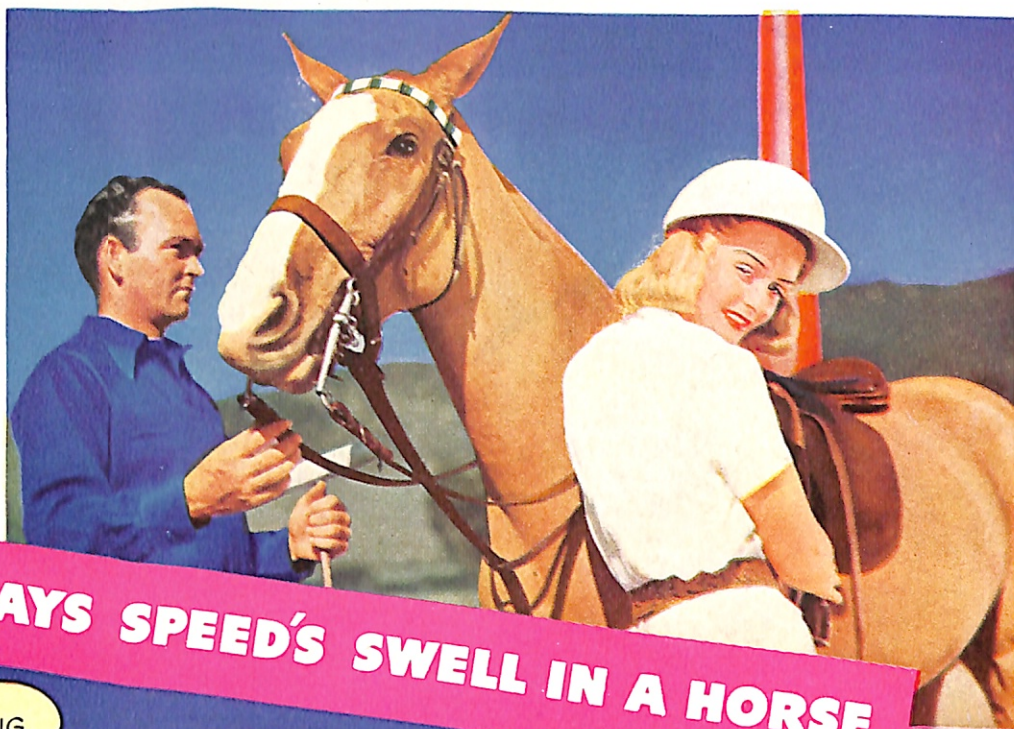
MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



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OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested - slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!**

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels — an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

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Camels — *the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*